CHIRON RISING

APRIL · MAY · 1989

THIRD ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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WRITERS/ARTISTS/PHOTOGRAPHERS/MODELS
Our Subscribers

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FORWARD

We can hardly believe that we've made it through THREE YEARS! This is our Third Anniversay Issue and we are very happy with the way things have turned out. For all you wonderful men (and one fantastic lesbian) out there who helped us get to this point, thanks from the bottom of our hearts. To those few "friends" who wanted to be the first to bitchingly predict our short life, we offer an antacid to chase the meal of crow.

* * * * * * * * *

Our last empassioned plea for health care material has had mixed results. We have received very helpful material from gay religious leaders and mental health professionals, but very little from our shy physicians. We were approached by a doctor at Mardi Gras and have received a letter of offer from a physician in Michigan but nothing concrete as yet. We'll keep our fingers crossed and hope that some good medical material is forthcoming. One way or another, we'll get a physician/writer....even if we have to kidnap one!

* * * * * * * * *

WHAT A MARDI GRAS!! When we started out for the Ontario, California airport on the 3rd of February, we had no idea what lay ahead. You couldn't find two more thoroughbred-looking travelers and we were so cool as we arrived an hour and a half early, already with boarding passes and year-old tickets. And as we sat eating frozen yogurt, we could see that the scheduled time on the monitor had changed. Only then did we discover that Dallas had been socked with an ice storm and that flights were being cancelled left and right. Thirty-two hours later, we were approaching Baton Rouge (yes, Baton Rouge--not New Orleans) for a landing in heavy fog. Suddenly and violently, the aircraft dipped left, narrowly missing a radio tower. With the close call (we never heard a word about it in the news) heavily on our minds, we went on by car to New Orleans, where we were met by over 200 Silver Centaurs.

Although the bar's disc jockey and management refused to turn down the volume of the music, we still managed to greet our "boys" and pin most of them with orange CHIRON RISING buttons. What a sight it was, watching our models parade around getting groped by everyone. It really did our hearts good to see that much grey hair under one roof. I thought I had slipped into a time warp and gone back to the time when the Rooftop in Ft. Lauderdale was in full swing. Unfortunately, we lost our voices trying to yell over the music and didn't get to sit down and talk to our supporters the way we wanted. Equally unfortunate, The Friar and I had to leave a day early because of quickly deteriorating weather in Dallas and California.

Because of the cold weather, WOODY BALDWIN and KENT JUSTICE acquired the hotel's meeting room and all the guys wore their costumes to an impromptu Fat Tuesday party. Based on the telephone calls we received back home, it appears that most everyone had a great time and are looking forward to next year, when Mardi Gras will be held much later in the month--ensuring better weather. We'll have word soon on plans for next year.

* * * * * * * * *

For you guys who don't want to wait until February 1990, there will be another gathering of Silver Centaurs, from September 1 through 4, at Affiliated Big Men's Club's CONVERGENCE 89 in Hollywood, California. It should be an ever bigger gathering than Mardi Gras--and a whole lot warmer! For more information, contact your local Girth & Mirth Club or write to the Los Angeles hosts at the address in the LETTERS section. Come on down and join us Big Boys!

* * * * * * * * *

Pat and The Friar

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PROFILES OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The following writers, artists, models and photographers are featured in this issue and all may be written to. Write to them the same way you would write to an advertiser with a codeword. Write your letter and stamp it with a 25 (US), 30 (Canada) or 45 (Overseas) cent stamp. In pencil, in the center, write their name, then place the envelope inside another envelope and mail to us for fowarding.

AARON is a highly talented artist who lives with his equally talented (in the movie and television industries) partner in the L.A. area. He is in his late forties and likes his models over 50, burly and very masculine.

BENGAL TIGER is a sexy, friendly, eager and handsome pioneer subscriber who hails from India and presently lives in San Francisco. Self employed, he's a go getter and very, very talented in all the right ways.

BIG EDDY is 66, pink, hairless, stocky, nicely endowed New Yorker, who draws a mean Bruiser Type. He likes them butch, burly, barrel chested and beer bellied and does the book with hunks, 35 and older. He loves to exchange photos and hot drawings.

THE BIKER is yet another discover of KENT JUSTICE. He's 66, a rugged outdoors type and a retired construction work who lives in the Florida panhandle. This incredibly handsome man enjoys the company of masculine, younger men who can relate to a mature guy who loves life to the fullest.

PAT COLLEY, your editor and publisher, retired from the Construction Industry to devote full time to taking care of THE FRIAR; editing and publishing SWAN; and writing novels and short stories--in that order. A native Texan, Pat studied music at North Texas State until he dropped out in 1960 to ***find*** himself, which finally happened in 1985, thanks to THE FRIAR.

THE COLONEL is the big, brawny, hairy, bull-balled lover of KENT JUSTICE and is Kent's favorite model too. This MAN is quiet and very masculine and, when he says something, everyone listens. See the profile on KENT JUSTICE.

COYOTE, 32, was born and raised in West Texas like your editor. Besides being one of the most inventive artists we've ever seen, this bright young man is lean and youthful, with light brown hair and blue eyes--and he's looking for a mature soulmate. He's versatile and easygoing, yet responsible--like the coyote. Shy but wild....wild but shy.

BOB DALLMEYER, formerly of Pittsburgh, now resides in Hollywood. A very fine writer and associate of Morris Kight, he is a member of the McCADDEN PLACE GROUP.

THE FRIAR is the inspiration for the creation of this publication. He is none other than the publisher/editor's 68 year old lover and Associate Editor/Chief Financial Officer of CHIRON RISING. Subscribers who come by to meet your publisher/editor usually leave, madly in love with him. Shy, yet photogenic, THE FRIAR reluctantly allows his photos to appear from time to time....to enthusiastic applause.

GALLAGHER, hailing from deep in the heart of Texas, is one of the premier cartoonists and illustrators in the country today and is just now crossing over into the gay publications. He is also a fantastic and unique writer, who will be featured in an upcoming special issue. His illustrations for his own fiction are some of the best we've ever seen.

BILL HARRIS also writes a column and has been with us for quite a while. BILL is a very funny and clever writer, capable of nailing it on the head with great accuracy. He is a senior and lives in Boston with his lover.

HOOPOE lives in New Jersey, where he indulges in massage, reading, hiking, nudism, photography, video and music. He's 55, trim and very well put together.

HOTI is 64, 6', 235# and totally shaved. He names himself after one of the 7 Japanese Gods that rides in a boat. He's the chubby one and is supposed to bring luck or wealth when you rub his belly. HOTI lives in Wisconsin and invites visitors to come and rub his belly.

J.D. OF TRASH MAGAZINE is a wild-assed, fearless, brawny man's man who writes some of the meanest fiction we've ever seen. If you like your reading material down and dirty, check out this hunk's publication. We think he's in his 50's but we aren't sure.

JACK G lives on the East Coast and is one husky, masculine guy! At 6' and 220#, this bruiser is heavily into J/O, W/S and phallic-worship and likes 'em tall or stocky, 40-80.

KENT JUSTICE is a bright, handsome, 30ish artist/writer/photographer, who lives along the Gulf Coast with his model partner, THE COLONEL. KENT and THE COLONEL have been with us for some time now and have had a hand in countless new subscribers for us.

KIMO, hailing from Hawaii, is 5'-6", 135#, with flaming red hair and a 7" nighstick. We don't know too much about this good looking soul, but we'll bet that you can find out a lot by writing him.

KONDOH and RHUM are a couple of charming super heavyweights who live on an exotic island in the Mediterranean. They visit this country from time to time and enjoy visitors, so drop them a line--especially you fellow heavyweights.

LEGAL EAGLE is a 55 year old attorney who has practiced law for 30 years, the last 7 years in Southern California. He is single and now lives in Palm Springs, where he is a corporate attorney for a major corporation. For you younger guys who write and say that you want a sincere relationship with a sharp, mature man of substance, take note. The window of opportunity won't stay open long on this extraordinary man.

FATHER JOHN J. McNEILL, distinguished author, priest and psychotherapist, resides in New York with his wonderful partner of many years. In 1976, with the Vatican's permission, the Roman Catholic priest published THE CHURCH AND THE HOMOSEXUAL (Beacon Press), which told Catholics it's okay to be gay. In 1978, the Vatican reversed their stand and began a campaign of suppression which led to McNeill's expulsion from the Jesuits in 1985. Recently he published TAKING A CHANCE ON GOD (Beacon Press), an electrifying, very personal book, and awaits the Vatican's next move.

OCHO is 50ish freelance writer from Chicago who has written one of the most unusual novels we've ever read. Only the second novel we've ever serialized, OCHO's ***SULJI'S SPHERE*** has it all--feverish sex, black comedy, Air Force Generals with monster dicks, androids, flying saucers and nail biting adventure.

QUETZAL in another Virginian who creates the best comics in gay publications today. His GOLDEN GOODIES strip, published exclusively in CHIRON RISING regular issues, is a scream. His BACKSTAGE AT THE OVER 50 is a little more graphic and is published exclusively in our Special Issues. QUETZAL lives with his silver fox lover near Washington, D.C.

RAM, like AARON, is considered one of the best erotic artists on the international gay scene today. RAM, a highly celebrated professional artist, is in his late 40's and lives in the Midwest with a 68 year old retired ex-mover and shaker in the business world. RAM is the brilliant creator of our new cover design.

RAY II is a handsome, rosy cheeked Englishman who is trying to pick up the pieces after the loss of his lover of many years. The owner of a coastal resort, he welcomes visitors--especially Silver Centaurs.

KENN RICHIE is the most prolific fiction writer in gay erotica today, and many are saying that he's the best. This Los Angeles senior is an award winning playwright and has written an amazing amount of screenplays which went on to become movies. He is also a devoted **SILVER CENTAUR** and has given us invaluable support.

ROADRUNNER TOO showed up at our door one day in his truck. Three rolls of film later, we knew that we had found a new star! ROADRUNNER TOO represents what truckers used to be, when every other truck driver made you drool your shorts wet. This brawny, South Carolina hunk is in his forties, thickly hung and shoots a quart!

SKUA, a 64 year old retired artist, lives in Baltimore. This good looking, talented, lithely built man loves art, music, pets, gardening and astrology. The letters are pouring in from his new fans and he's cranking out the work like crazy. This man has the compassion of a saint and spends all his free time taking care of infirm friends.

LARRY STEPHENS is a 62 year old, 5'-10", 170#, relationship-oriented romantic, who has one of the most beautiful smiles we've ever seen. This Southern Californian is currently single, but won't be for long. If you are a similar type, over 40, get to your typewriter NOW.

SUNSET ONE, a winsome 57 year old from the Northwest, is 6'-2", 180# and has big, blue eyes that will move you. If you're 65+ and heavy set and want a man with heart and substance, check this guy out.

THUNDERBIRD is a very handsome Midwesterner who says he has young blood coursing through a 50ish body. This man keeps in shape and loves the outdoors and sports.

TIMBERWOLF is a rugged as his name implies. This 40 year old, 6'-2", 190#, super-hung specimen lives in the Midwest, where he is involved in important, unique work we can't divulge here. Brains, brawn and killer dick--too good to be true? If you're stable and in shape, drop him a line.

JASON P. WILLIAMS is a very clever and funny chub lover who lives in New York with his gorgeous, hunk of a lover. JASON is a magazine editor and author of highly erotic, well-crafted fiction. Pure talent. He's also a stunning model and artist, going by the name **JAYPEE**.

XYLOPHANG is a 54 year old publisher from San Francisco. This man makes you think and, on many occasions, won't tell you what you want to hear. He's done his homework, however, and brings an added, healthy dimension to our publication.

LETTERS

Dear Pat and The Friar: I am concerned about the depression that seems to be setting in with some of your readers. While some things--especially AIDS and loneliness--are cause for grief, by no means should it destroy the joy of life! After all we are gay aren't we? Whoever heard of a sad queen? Realllyyy Daaahhhllling, realize there are as many joys as there are people and places. The trick (excuse the pun) is letting go of yourself and grabbing a hold of life! I work for the city of (name withheld) as a 9-1-1 operator and I see more crime and violence over one weekend than most people see in a lifetime. While my job is not an easy one, it pounds into mind the blessings and benefits we all have if we would only write them down. Take a walk into a hospital and realize that there are more people with more problems than you. Even people with AIDS will feel better doing good for others with the time they have left. It may be painful but it will take your mind off of your own problems and easing them from others who may be suffering more than you. I wish you all joy and happiness and the courage to win the battle against yourselves! Peace and prosperity await those who strive for them. Sincerely, J.R.T/Midwest

****

(The writer of the following letter is a man who wasn't very impressed with us when he first subscribed over a year ago. Later, finding that he was legally blind, lonely and practically a prisoner inside his own house, we offered to help him. Fearing that we were pitying him, he got a little testy, but we were determined to win him over.)

Dear Pat and The Friar: Why am I writing to you, you may ask? Well, I think you might be interested to learn what happened in my life since your February/March issue came out. I have had five new pen pals from my ad. That is nearly a miracle. I had an ad in two other gay mags in the past and got very little or no response. An ad in (newsmagazine's name withheld) cost me $40 at a time when I had that much to spend. All I got was tired from waiting. The other one was (contact club's name withheld) and I got just about the same response. When I took your subscription and the ad was to be put in, I thought it would just be another dud. I am thrilled to get five letters! Not only that, every letter is from someone INTELLIGENT enough for me to want to respond. There is one that I very nearly fell in love with just from the way he wrote and there is NOTHING in it talking about sex. Can you believe there is someone else other than myself who can talk about other things? You have won me completely now. Thank you so very much. H.H./Kentucky.

****

Dear Pat and The Friar: When I first got your magazine I was lonely and didn't quite know what to do, but that is a thing of the past. Since I placed an ad in your publication, I get at least two letter every week. they are from all over the country. I make it a point to answer each and every one. This has been rewarding and keeps the mail man busy. I've even had telephone calls from all over, including England. I mainly took the ad out to locate fellows who live near me. This has resulted in finding 3 fellows who do come and play with me off and on, but not quite as often as I would like. It seems as though I've become rather horny and need to be pleased more often--guess that's not bad for someone who will be 72 this coming May. Please let me know how much it will cost to keep my ad running till 6/90. I do believe they are right when they say it pays to advertise. It's paid off for me and has given me something to do with a lot of time. Do keep up the good work. Fondly, D.B./New Jersey.

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Gentlemen: Thank you for including the ad from the Affiliated Bigmen's Clubs in the February/March 1989 edition of your publication. As you may already know, some of your writers, artists, models and photographers have been members of clubs in the Affiliated Bigmen's Club (ABC) family. Models SPITFIRE and BIG GEORGE, author VIC ENGANDELA, artist BIG EDDY, ROOSTERHAWK (now a member of G&M-LA), and others have all had a part to play in CHIRON RISING. A large percentage of your readership are members of various ABC clubs, and a large percentage of members in the various ABC clubs are CHIRON RISING subscribers. It's great that our diverse organizations can work together in our respective goals of bringing people together. I look forward to the possibility of meeting you two sometime in the future. Perhaps you'll be able to take a break from all your hard work and attend this year's ABC convention, "Convergence '89" in Hollywood, CA. This year "Convergence" will be hosted by Girth & Mirth of Greater Los Angeles, and promises to be a great time. I know that your readers will be quite interested in meeting you both. More information on "Convergence '89" can be gotten by writing to the host club at their address: Girth & Mirth of Greater Los Angeles, P.O. Box 19520, Los Angeles, CA 90019. Gentlemen, I salute all of your efforts and endeavors, and I look forward to our continued cooperative relationship. Sincerely, Lee O. Gardener, President --Affiliated Bigmen's Clubs.

(Editor's Note: Without our supporters from the ABC clubs, we'd be just another newsletter with a press run of 100. The Friar and I will DEFINITELY attend "Convergence '89" and are presently attempting to get RAM and AARON--the two best Bigmen artists in the world today--to join us!)

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Dear Pat and The Friar: You must be busting your buttons with pride! The new issue of CHIRON RISING marks another milestone in your long and, I am sure, sometimes frustrating determination to achieve a first-class publication. We're all thankful that you persevered. The magazine is first class not only in appearance but in content. I admire also the way you have learned to concentrate on those of us who love you and admire what you're doing; and write off those unfortunate people who find pleasure only in trashing someone else's success. They don't deserve space in a magazine based on love. Here's wishing you continued success, guys; keep up the good work. You're making a lot of us horny old fellows mighty happy. Sincerely, Woody Baldwin, Founder--PRIME TIMERS.

(Editor's Note: Woody and Sean will be retiring to Texas soon and will undoubtedly start a PRIME TIMERS chapter there. You lucky Texans! An annoucement with be forthcoming in CHIRON RISING.)

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Dear Pat and The Friar: Many thanks for the magazine. It's just what I've been looking for since I was about 15! The last twenty -three years have been very frustrating!!! I met the postman on the way to the office and that damned magazine burned a hole in my briefcase till I got into the tea room and read it. Those pictures are such a turn on and the articles are interesting and well written. It's a pity you cannot print more photos but I suppose that would prove prohibitive cost-wise. Why do the guys over there look so much better than over here and they're so BIG. They really are something else--if only they were more accessible. The pictures really are very exciting. I hope you will soon be able to find a distributor in Europe as we are really desperate here for this kind of material. Kindest Regards, P.B./London.

(Editor's Note: We understand that British Customs will allow our regular issues through again--after OPENING and inspection. In any event, we have begun exporting issues to a distributor in Amsterdam on a trial basis. Interested European readers may contact: BEST GUIDE, Postbox 12731, NL1100, AS, Amsterdam, THE NETHERLANDS.)

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Dear Pat and The Friar: The arrival of every issue is always an occasion, but the December one finally got me to the typewriter. Whatever laser typeset is, I'm all for it--the magazine is 200% easier on the eyes. And then there are old friends, like KENT JUSTICE, and that wild OCHO serialization. KENN RICHIE's piece on giving is right on the mark, and even though I am a Born Again Atheist, the letter from Brother M.S. is quite moving. But the one that blew me away is SHANE. He <u>really</u> gets the magic of gerontophilia onto paper. He is an eye -opener. don't lose track of <u>him</u>. Being a child of the Great Depression and with a long memory, I'm also an arch-liberal, and take a lot of pleasure out of XYLOPHANG. (Where DID he get that name?) Thank you for him. But then you have the editorial balls to print that incredible letter from Barry, who is (I'm ashamed to see) from my natal city of San Francisco. His hate -filled diatribe gets progressively uglier as he goes along--an ugliness that I'm sure is reflected in his face. Then look at the grace, expertise, and blinding truth in XYLOPHANG's column. No comparison. So stay as sweet and diverse as you are--you give this old coot a lot of pride and pleasure. all my best, L.B./Massachusetts

****

Dear Pat and The Friar: Greetings for 1989! I find it difficult to describe the feelings I had upon seeing my letter in print (IN CLOSING, Dec. 88). The idea that my words were able to speak to the hearts of you and the readership humbles me immensely. Perhaps this is what is meant that God works through human efforts. I am very excited that John McNeill will be doing an article for CHIRON RISING. This man has done so much for our community and suffered so much because of his efforts, that he has truly become a hero, model, saint for me. His words carry much comfort and challenge, that once read, remain with a person long after the book is closed and placed back on the shelf. If we site the martyrs within our community, like Harvey Milk and our Brothers who are living or who have died with AIDS, John must be counted among them. He has suffered so much at the hands of blind and foolish men, and yet he continues to be a source of light and comfort for so many of us. Truly a remarkable man and Priest. I was edified by the fact that, though you state your agnosticism, that somehow through my efforts and John's, you experience a renewal of respect for the gifts of the Church (real Church, the People of God and not to be confused with Rome). This is truly something I rejoice over, for even though atrocities have been done to our brothers and sisters in the name of faith in God, there are truly good Pastoral people out here, offering God's people love and peace and challenge, which together with many other things, perhaps will welcome in a time where all people will feel welcomed and loved, regardless of former prejudice and hate. Even though this sounds like an effort at converting you, it is not. It's just some reflections and yes, defense, on behalf of the faithful Church. So much for my little homily for the day. In closing, if there is something you feel I can offer the readers of CHIRON RISING, please let me know. Thanks for forwarding the letters of those who have written me, and know that I will not disregard answering them, even though it takes me a little time. Again, thanks for all you have done and do for our silver brothers. It is truly a gift. Peace in Christ with Mary..... Brother M.S./Michigan.

****

(Editor's Note: The following letter is in response to a letter I sent to Jason P. Williams --one of the most creative and outrageous writers on today's gay scene-- thanking him for a $10 bill he sent for Mardi Gras and to tell him about a new novel that I was finishing up, called IBAPAH JACK. In my novel, a mysterious virus kills off most of the light skinned people and all dark compexioned people rule.)

Dear Pat and The Friar: No, no, no! That $10 wasn't for YOU to drink. That was for you to buy THE CHIEF and THE COLONEL a drink from me! The very idea! I suppose you just guzzled down my $10 at the Good Friends Bar without even mentioning to them that the famous porno author, Jason P. Williams, is panting at their portals. That he wants to eat box lunch at their Y. That it's throat-city for their dorks of death. But, no! Down the old hatch, cranberry cocktails, one after the other; my money probably being used to sluice out the copious loads of man juice obtained, by nefarious means no doubt, from these self same gentlemen. They, of course, only letting you do this because <u>they</u> desperately want to get to me! Oh, boy, now it's all coming clear! You want to keep all the hot numbers for yourselves! Speaking of fantasies, do you know what the plot of MY great unpublished novel is? It's called WOLVES LIKE US. And the premise is that to become a werewolf you have to be fucked ten times by another werewolf to become one yourself. The book has 12 chapters. Chapter one sets up the premise. Chapters two through eleven describe the ten fabulous fucks and chapter 12 wraps it all up in happily ever after fashion, our two protagonists loping forever through the high Sierras in blood -thirsty companionship. A real howler, right? Well, what do you know, you heathen, killing off all light skinned persons in IBAPAH JACK. Sick, just sick. And, no, my werewolves don't always do it doggie style, they have other positions. Maybe that's the subject of the sequel. When the sex starts going stale and they spend more time licking their own assholes (because they can) than with each other, they go off separately to create more werewolves, who create more werewolves, etc., etc., until 1999 and a virus kills off all white people except the genitally mutilated queens, who.....

(And then, to my suggestion that a bunch of us writers of our

newly created genre get together to form a cooperative and start our own publishing company, he comments:)

.....We would sit naked around our pool in your backyard, all lined up with our word processors, taking a dip whever our prose gets too heated. When we've finished a piece to our satisfaction, we can lean back with a sigh, push the print button, which will also be the signal for you or The Friar to come give us a bagel with cream cheese, our next assignment, and a blow job. We will work in the sun, wearing white visors to protect our noses and our skin will get all tough and leathery and our eyes will be piercing from years of gazing into the souls of mankind. By 1999, we will be fabulously wealthy so we can hire somebody else to give us the blowjobs who is GOOD at it. By then, of course, our skins will be dark enough to escape the strange virus that has devastated the Caucasian race.....

(And he goes on and on and on.....)

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NAEA

I WAS JUST THINKING

by Bill Harris

What would life be like if all the misinformation that we were given as kids actually had been fact? No one with authority ever told me about birds and bees and homo sapiens. I learned it all from other malinformed adolescents--and later from perhaps malintentioned dirty old men and women. And I heard some pretty weird things!

One of the first I remember is that if I masturbated, I would go crazy. The result was that I kept on beating it off but now with anxiety. I worried myself almost into dementia through fear that I had already done it too much before I learned what the consequences would be. But maybe I turned that negative into a positive by figuring that if I were going crazy anyhow from having already done it too much, I may as well enjoy my sanity while it lasted. That was 16,237 masturbations ago; and, while some may disagree, I think I am still reasonably in possession of my marbles. So fuck that theory.

Then I heard the old chestnut that it would make me blind. Goodness knows, if that were true I would have had a seeing eye dog long ago. It was this theory that gave rise to the joke "But can't I do it just until I need glasses?" Can you visualize a world of all blind people groping (if you'll excuse the expression) our way around each other? So fuck that theory too.

Then we finally learned that that slimy stuff that was emitting from our mature cocks was the stuff that made babies. What a rash of theories that produced! One of them I remember is that each time we jacked off we deprived our someday child of one part of his body. Again that failed to set off any manifest reforms of my masturbation behavior. I guess I rationalized that eventually I'd waste away one entire baby and then I could stop jerking off when I began the new one. I don't recall how I reckoned that I was going to know when one baby stopped and the second began.

Horrors! I was going to get pregnant from swallowing cum! I had morning sickness for days before another "authority" assured me that would not happen. If my calculations are correct, and the theory had been true, I'd be on my seventieth pregnancy now.

Perhaps my sexual orientation can be blamed on my original information that straight people had sex only when they wanted to have a baby. With my constant state of horniness, I simply had to find a lifestyle that would allow more frequent diddling than that. Perhaps my compassion today for straight people is a holdover of those years that I felt such pity for them for being able to fuck only on such a restricted basis. Five children--five fucks. Who the hell could live with that??!!

The one that I currently find most useful is "If you don't use it, you lose it." Fear of loss provides all the rationale I need for self-abuse. And who labelled it "abuse?" Do you mean that all those dirty old men who did such wonderful things to me as a young man were abusing me? And all the time I thought abuse was bad. By that definition, abuse me, please, abuse me.

This poor old man is sending out a plea for sympathy. At any given moment now I may go blind, lose my sanity, get pregnant or all of the above. Here goes 16,238; I'll let you know what happens!

AAIDA
88

NEWSFRONT

AGING ATTITUDES AMONG THE PUEBLO AND HOPI INDIANS: According to Harvard University's Dr. Robert Coles, elderly Pueblo and Hopi Indians assume an important position of respect within their communities. Children bow to them, having been taught to look up to their elders. Tribal members are taught to revere them as bearers of tribal customs, habits and history. He quotes one Indian woman as saying, "My mother smiles when I get upset. She reminds me to smile, as well, and not take myself so seriously. She points to the sky. She picks a desert flower and gives it to me. She lets sand go through her fingers. She wants me to remember that the land was here before I came and will be here after I leave. She always says, 'We are visitors, so we should be grateful for every day, and not waste time with silly worries, the stupid things we do.'" The woman explained to Dr. Coles that her venerable mother was, in truth, a living reminder of why old people are here. Because they keep reminding us of what is important and unimportant. A mother herself, she taught her own children that "just because you are getting an education doesn't mean you are smart--not in the way your grandmother and grandfather are. Old people are smart because of their long lives and their wisdom." Coles once encountered an Indian girl who drew him a picture of an elderly Hopi woman shaking hands with the moon. Asked to explain her drawing, she responded that "when you're old, you're a full moon. You make the night a little less dark." "To Hopi Indian children," Dr. Coles said, "an elderly person is a source of encouragement, of instruction, inspiration and guidance. Indeed, a part of nature's awesome presence." Dr. Coles concluded, "You know, to be old is to be alive. To be old today is to have many of those remarkable opportunities that go with life: the sharing of affection and homor, the transmission of knowledge and thoughtfulness, the appreciation of the world which marks the humanity of each of us." The American mainstream has a lot to learn from the Hopi and Pueblo Indians.

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DEPRESSION IN THE ELDERLY: Stephen R. Rapp, a psychologist at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Jackson, Mississippi, studied a group of 150 aged patients who had been admitted to an unidentified hospital. Although the original examining physicians failed to detect a single case of depression, all were subsequently interviewed and given tests to determine whether they suffered from any psychiatric disorders as well. Rapp found that 15 percent of the patients were severely depressed. Other studies have found that rates of undetected depression are lower in younger patients. The higher rate among the elderly is due partly to their tendency to have more complicated medical conditions than younger patients, and to be taking more medications. That makes a physician more likely to pursue medical diagnoses for what are actually symptoms of depression. Rapp says that the elderly tend to be more silent about psychological problems. "Older people seem to be reluctant to open up about their psychological distress to anyone, even their physicians," he said. "They are very unlikely to go into a doctor's office and say, 'I'm depressed; let me tell you what's on my mind.' They complain of their physical problems instead. Older patients grew up in an era when you didn't talk about your feelings, but toughed things out. For many of them, it's a weakness to admit they are depressed." Among all age groups, depression is the most difficult psychological problem to detect in medical patients. "The signs of depression are particularly easy to mistake for any of a wide range of medical problems," said Rapp. "In general, the rate of detection of depression in their medical patients by physicians is under 20 percent." Four of the nine main signs of depression can also be symptoms of many other illnesses or side effects of medication, according to Rapp. These signs are appetite loss or weight change, insomnia or a sudden need for more sleep than usual, agitation or extreme slowness in movement or speech, and constant fatigue. Five other signs of depression are more obvious. In addition to sadness or irritability, depressed people commonly undergo a marked loss of interest in formerly pleasurable activities, feel worthless or guilty, are unable to concentrate or make decisions, and can have recurrent thoughts of suicide or death. The problem for physicians comes when a patient who is depressed mentions only the symptoms that can mimic those of physical problems and fails to mention any of those that would more clearly point to a diagnosis of depression. Many doctors then assume that what are actually signs of depression are indicators of some other, purely physical disorder. Depression is considered one of the most treatable of serious psychological problems. The treatment, whether drugs or psychotherapy, can often have a salutary effect on the medical problem or at least reduce psychological suffering, Rapp said.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

GOODBYE, VIC AND NEWT: Sadly, we bid farewell to columnists VIC ENGANDELA and NEWT DEITER, both of whom have decided to go into other areas. VIC has found someone through CHIRON RISING and wants to submit occasional essasys instead of a regular column. We wish him well with his new partner. NEWT is now writing a travel column for FRONTIERS Magazine, a dynamic,local gay newsmagazine with a great future.
CR GETS MORE EXPOSURE: We'd like to thank DAVID (Miami), REACTIONS (Los Angeles) and FRONTIERS (West Hollywood, CA) Magazines for very thoughtful, positive articles about CHIRON RISING in recent editions. We urge all our readers to patronize these fine gay and lesbian publications. We'd also like to thank THE BEACON (Long Beach) for their complimentary ad.

OUR POLICY ON DONATIONS: We aren't sure whether we're just old fashioned or not too bright, but we normally don't accept donations without earning them. The first two years, we rejected donations outright, but now that our finances are so critical, we accept the money and extend our benefactor's subscription or ad accordingly. SILVER BEAR in Utah has now suggested a way that we can accept donations without feeling guilty. He sent us $25 with the understanding that we plant a pine tree in his honor. We are therefore now accepting donations for the adoption of our trees at "Casa de Luna," our humble abode here in the Great Mojave Desert. For a donation of $25, readers can adopt one of our hundred or so trees. Your donation entitles you to a photo of your tree, featuring a permanent placque in your honor. NOTE: For those of you who have already given us so much of your time and effort and helped us immeasurably--and you know who you are--we've already

reserved a tree for you and await your request for photo. For those of you who can't afford to adopt a tree, please don't feel intimidated. We understand and will love you just as much either way. Someday soon, others will join us here to help make CHIRON RISING a national treasure. We want "Casa de Luna" and her trees to remain as a monument to the Silver Centaur.

BOY, DO WE FUCK UP: Never lose sight of the fact that, other than the volunteers helping with the envelope stuffing, there are just two of us doing the actual production (except for printing, collating and stapling) of this magazine. The same two handle the subscriptions, renewals, order filling, filing, etc. and we do make some gross errors. Please don't be offended. Just point out the error and we'll make it up to you in spades. Be patient. We're trainees!

HANDS OFF! Scratch two more models who've found lovers and are now unavailable. HORNED TOAD and SALTY DOG have found mates through CHIRON RISING, thank you very much. Not happy with the results of your ad? Send us a photo and we'll see if we can get you hooked up too.

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CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE: We've received lots of compliments on the new look, but it never could have happened without the creativity and loving support of our own magnificent artist, **RAM,** and **VICTOR** and his staff at our publisher, **PRINTING UNLIMITED** (previously DATA BOY) in West Hollywood. As you respond to other coded ads, why don't you drop RAM a line and thank him for all the wonderful things he's done for all of us. Urge him and his partner to attend CONVERGENCE 89 in Hollywood. And you guys who live in or near West Hollywood, next time you're walking down Santa Monica Boulevard (7512), drop in at PRINTING UNLIMITED and make some copies or have some flyers or business cards printed. Tell the guys and girls there that you appreciate what they've done for us, too.

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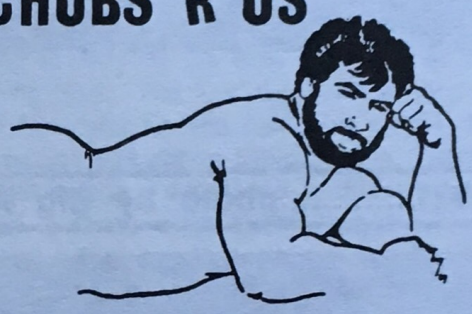

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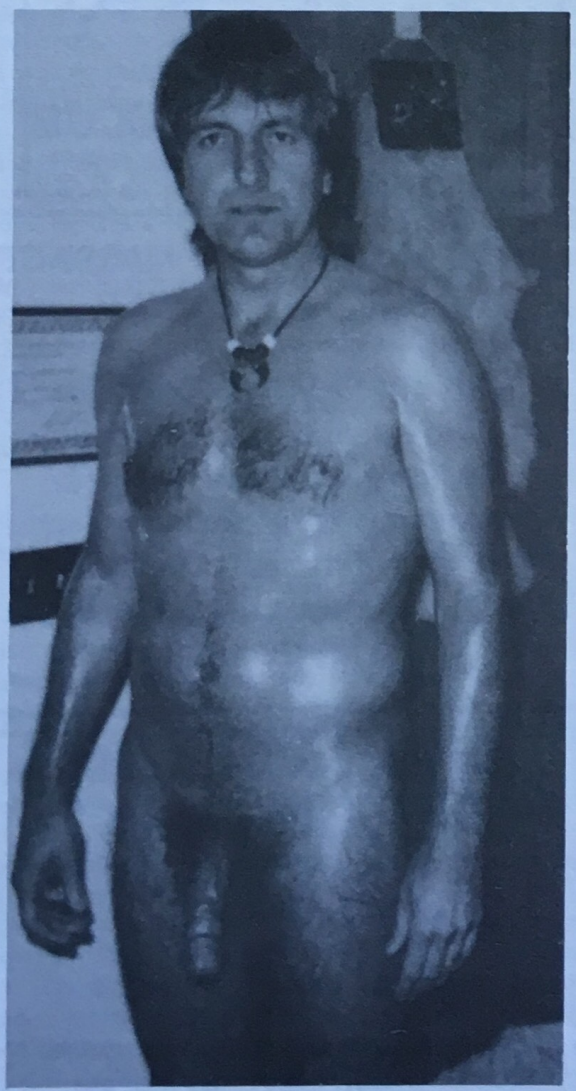
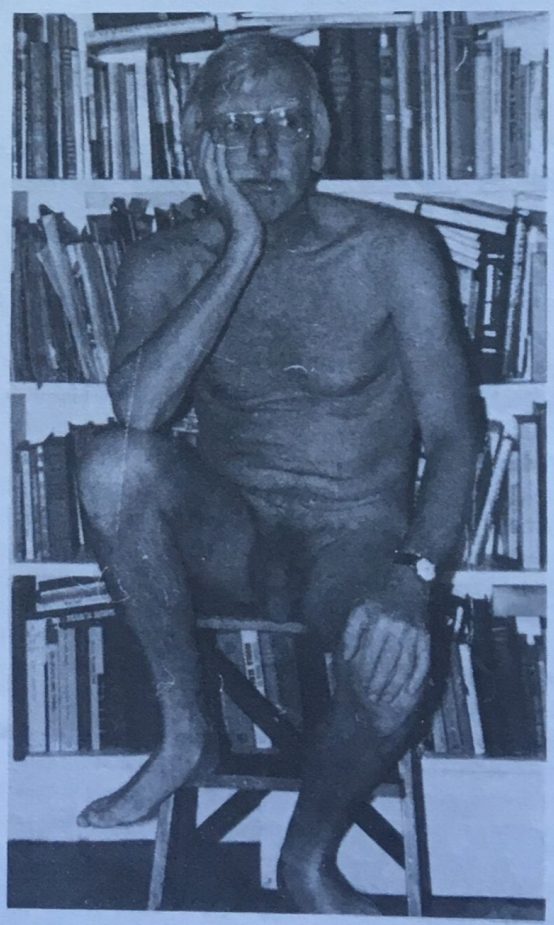


TIMBERWOLF.....photo by Jim D.



HOOPOE.....self portrait

BRINGING DOWN THE BIKER
by Jason P. Williams

Biff's cock was so stiff it looked like it was going to explode. Not with cum, mind you, although from the sound of his groans that was going to happen soon too. But just from the pressure of the engorged veins. the head was so swollen it looked almost black. It had gone from red to purple to almost black in very short order; I'd seen to that. The skin of his cock looked stretched to the breaking point, mottled with streaks of white and red, its shaft shiny and dripping with sweat and spit. The sweat was his, the spit was mine. No, the explosion looked like it would be blood and torn flesh if he didn't get relief soon.

His whole body was dripping as a matter of fact, his flexed muscles straining and throbbing against stretched flesh. His hips thrust involuntarily, jerkily, as he strained to cum; beseeching me silently with body language that was as easy to read as a Dick and Jane story; only this time Dick was flying solo. I had sucked him to within a millimeter of ejaculation at least a dozen times and now his body had had it and was taking over.

I had forbidden him to talk from the beginning when I forced his arms behind his back and clicked the handcuffs around his wrists. His pecs and biceps bulged as they were stretched apart. After I positioned him in a corner of my darkly panelled recreation room and told him not to move, I went to town on him.

In ten minutes I had gently sucked the arrogance out of him. In twenty minutes, I had my tongue down the butch throat that had commanded, "No kissing, faggott!" Soon after, his asshole gave way voluntarily to first my probing fingers and then my favorite eight inch dildo with the safety base that permitted his grateful sphincter to lock the flexible stiffness deep into him.

For an hour I sucked his cock, shifting from contractions on just its head, swirling my lips around the bulging glans, to probing the slit with my stiffened tongue; sucking first strongly and then gently before sliding the entire shaft into my mouth, four or five inches of cock following the head down my throat. Then a slow reversal of the process until just the tip of his straining dick rested against my puckered lips.

I sucked him until his biker knees trembled but I wouldn't let him fall to his knees; that position was mine alone. I wanted him to know that an ostensibly submissive position didn't mean you couldn't be in charge.

I got him so turned on he was like a mewling bitch-dog in heat. He didn't know if he wanted to be fucked, sucked or beaten with a riding crop like the mindless animal he was. By now all he could think of was how much he needed to cum. But that was going to be up to me. He had no choices.

At the one hour mark I eased the dildo out of his ass and gently removed the handcuffs. He never knew the difference. His wrists remained locked behind him, the psychological force binding them together tighter than the reality. The cavity of his asshole remained as stuffed as if the dildo was still probing his depths. He was so turned into the sound of my voice and the force of my gentle touch that he was nothing but slave-fodder and I knew I could do anything I wanted with him. But I was tired of the game. I was ready to put him out of his misery. I ran the tips of my fingers down the shaft of his cock. Once, twice; scratching gently with my nails, making no evident impression on the steely flesh. His answering groan was more like a sob.

I backed across the room, taking the dildo and handcuffs with me. Our eyes were locked together. Mine a cool blue, his burning with desire.

As I reached the door, I relented.

"Come!" I commanded.

Instantly, his entire body convulsed and great gobs of jizm flew from the head of his dick. He shrieked in agonizing ecstacy as his nuts emptied themselves of their seething load. The first shot went a good ten feet in front of him, arching and glistening in the dim light. Each succeeding ejaculation diminished in trajectory and volume. His screams decreased in direct proportion to the outpour. There were exactly eight emissions of clotted sperm before the well ran dry, but he continued to orgasm spasmodically as he fell to his knees, his muscular legs unable to sustain him. Then, with a crash, he fell flat on his face, his arms still behind him, his wrists still bound by the invisible cuffs.

A moment of silence as I stared expectantly at the prone torso. And then it came: a loud, gasping snore as his body and spirit started to repair themselves in sleep. I sighed in satisfaction at another job well done and gathered up all his clothes, a bit dismayed by the sheer volume of leather that I had removed from the famous Biff from Biker's Haven (our local "stud" bar). I hung it all carefully in the hall closet at the top of the stairs and placed the huge black boots precisely beneath them. The black spurs jingled obscenely.

I chuckled to myself. The great Biff probably thought I was hard of hearing, as well as having snow on the roof, when he whispered to Max, the bartender, "Think I'm gonna give the old fart a pity fuck, I hear he's pretty good." Indeed! When we left the bar, Max gave me a grin and a wink. I'd taken Max from ground zero to out past Uranus more than once and he knew Biff was <u>mine</u>. Pity fuck indeed!

As I brewed water for a spot of tea I gave the dildo a run through the sani-temp cycle of the dishwasher. I knew the steaming water would kill anything and no telling where <u>that</u> asshole had been.

I sat at the kitchen table and sipped my favorite herbal tea (Mandarin Orange) and gazed out the window as the first light of dawn brightened the horizon. I opened the drawer above my lap and made sure the .38 was loaded. I also put the handcuffs and the newly lubricated dildo right beside it. No telling what kind of mood Biff would be in when he returned to the land of the living. And I wanted to be ready for <u>any</u> possibility.

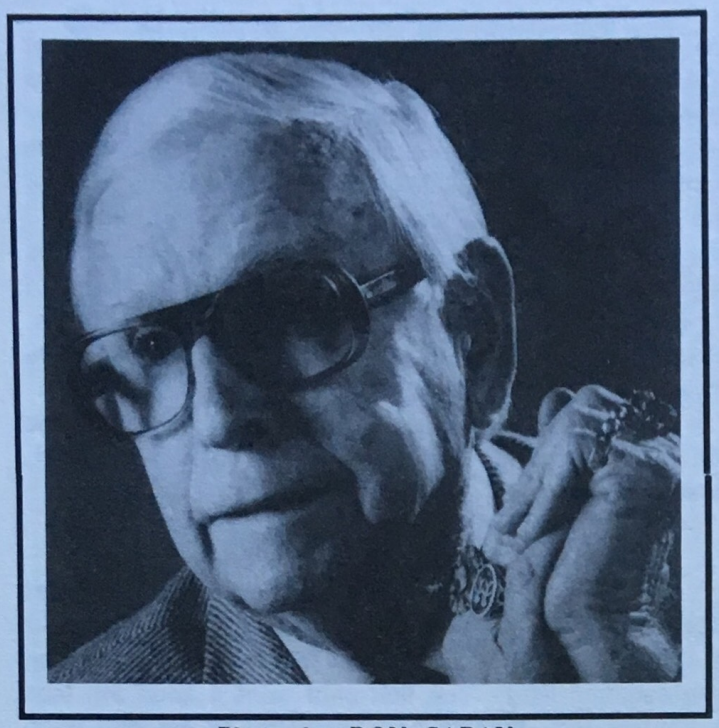


Photo by DON SABAN

MORRIS KIGHT: THE PEACEFUL REVOLUTIONARY

by Bob Dallmeyer

It seems everyone in the Southern California gay/lesbian community has a favorite Morris Kight story. Mine was told to me by my cousin Bill who witnessed it all back in the late Seventies: A local student group set up a kissing booth at the Christopher Street West Gay Pride Celebration. In spite of the spirited and handsome array of young men and women awaiting kisses for a mere one dollar, business was slow. It seems a zealous officer of the Los Angeles Police Department purposefully stationed himself near the booth, almost daring anyone to come forth and snatch a kiss. Morris Kight, aware of this, called all the local media to cover the Celebration. When he saw that Channels 5 and 7 had arrived with their remote crews, he proudly marched up to the kissing booth, slapped down five bucks and began planting the most succulent kisses on the amazed students' lips. The concerned officer moved toward Morris, who calmly asked him for his full name so he could tell the television audience just who was responsible for this act of police misconduct. He then pointed out various of his friends in the media crews who were moving in on the scene. Whereupon the officer disappeared and mediagenic Morris went on camera to guide the home viewers around the exuberant celebration of Gay Pride.

And the exuberance continues year after year as we gays and lesbians take a weekend in June to honor our achievements and praise our good works, all compliments of Morris Kight's brainchild, the Christopher Street West organization. He and three others, the Rev. Troy Perry among them, founded the event in 1970 as a public commemoration of the Stonewall Uprising the year before. It has grown so spectacularly that its sun drenched parade through the heart of West Hollywood is the third largest in California, attracting hundreds of thousands. The weekend festival makes lots of money which is reinvented in our community through grants and loans to other groups with worthwhile programs. It's truly a case of gay pride begetting more gay pride.

Morris Kight, perhaps more than any other individual in this country, has uplifted the pride of gays and lesbians everywhere. As he says, it never was easy, but the results make it worth the effort. Here are some hight points of an unique gay life.

When he arrived in Los Angeles in 1958, the Dark Ages of Gay/Lesbian Repression were full upon the land. Draconian laws forbade our public gatherings; we were by virtue of sexuality presumed guilty of all sorts of crimes. Morris states that being gay in 1958 was no different than 1858 or 1758. But social change was festering in America and Morris dedicated himself to making the gay/lesbian agenda a vital part of the revolution. Being a doctrinaire pacifist, his methodology would be that of his idol, Mohandas Gandhi. And so it was.

Morris' home became a one-man coordinating center for gays and lesbians in need of housing, jobs, bail bonds, counseling and medical care. His concern for public health issues within our community lead to the establishment of the Venereal Disease Clinic, a precursor to the present Edelman Health Clinic wing in the Gay/Lesbian Community Services Center.

The Center was yet another Morris Kight idea. Back in 1971, it took incredible patience, politicing and chutzpah just to open its doors. It was the first Center of its kind in the world and today stands as the model for enlightened communities to emulate. It serves over 50,000 gays and lesbians each year through programs dealing with AIDS, addiction recovery, counseling, legal assistance, vocational training, youth activities and structured group meetings like the Gay Fathers. It maintains an extensive education program, rivaling some local colleges, and its health facilities are among the best in the city. Each month, the Center handles over 15,000 telephone calls for information or referral. Thanks to Morris' fund raising abilities, the Center now owns its property and has a small endowment for continued expansion of its services.

Responding to the growing abuse of alcohol and drugs in our community, Morris founded the Van Ness Recovery House. To date, hundreds have been rehabilitated in this home-like atmosphere and are again functioning in society.

The United States Mission, another vital L.A. institution, has been the recipient of his tireless energies. This social service institution provides housing, clothes, food, jobs and support for lesbians and gays who are discarded by mainstream society. Morris, the longtime advocate of human rehabilitation, has served as board member and president of the Mission.

When it comes to politics and social issues, Morris has been carrying banners in the streets and giving 'em hell from the podium since his college years. At Texas Christian University, Class of '42, he attempted to racially integrate the school, a truly radical notion for that time. He was an early member of the NAACP and worked within the Southern Christian Leadership Conference during the Fifties and Sixties.

As a pacifist, he worked tirelessly to call public attention to the genocide being perpetrated in Europe during World War II. Later he went about raising funds for victim relief. And still later he resurrected the pink triangle from the Nazi concentration camps as a symbol of gay/lesbian oppression in the world.

He vigorously opposed the Korean "police action" and any implementation of nuclear weaponry. He achieved national prominence in the Sixties as a highly effective member of the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam. He founded the Dow Action Committee, the first group to

advocate the halt of herbicides and defoliants for military use. He organized the Southern Califronia anti-war delegation to the 1968 Democratic National Convention in Chicago; his reminiscences of the C2 nerve gasings, the police beatings and the tensions capture a sad moment in this nation's history. He gained worldwide accolades when he coined the phrase "The Whole World Is Watching" in an attempt to stop the police brutality at a rally in Grant Park.

On a more sedate political note, he founded the Stonewall Democratic Club of Los Angeles and served as its first president. This group continues as one of the most politically active in the nation. He was a member of the California State Democratic Central Committee and has served on just about every one of its sub-committees for human rights and affirmative action. He also founded the highly effective Gay Liberation Front in Los Angeles in 1969. He set its pacifist policy and masterminded its many street demonstrations.

Morris has been severely stabbed, stoned, beaten and assaulted in the unending quest for our freedoms. His scars remind us that gay liberation is no easy task.

Which brings us to the present (for brevity, several important commissions, organizations and events are omitted from the foregoing). We find the same energy, brilliance and concern that are the Morris Kight hallmarks. He holds forth from his Hollywood redoubt, the former movie studios of Buster Keaton. On these grounds, he has amassed the largest and most significant collection of gay/lesbian and human rights artwork and memorabilia in the world. It is known as the "McCadden Place Collection" and draws rave reviews every time a portion of it is displayed to the public.

Morris' hair is white now and a bit shorter. His hands are still festooned with silver rings, each having a special significance. His street marching continues, but with key changes: he and a handful of national leaders carried the lead banner in front of 600,000 of us in the triumphant 1987 March On Washington. He returned to L.A. to help organize and march at the head of the highly successful 1988 March On Sacramento, which brought 17,000 of us out in the pouring rain. And each year he marches in the Christopher Street West Gay Pride Parade behind a simple banner that reads, "Morris Kight Says Hello!" And the crowd chants 'hello' as he passes by.

Politically, he is just as active as ever, but some of the positions carry significantly more prestige. For example, he was elected President of the County of Los Angeles Commission on Human Relations in 1988. He is the first openly gay person to hold a position of this stature in Southern California.

His accolades mount daily, including an unprecendented nomination for the Nobel Prize for Peace. He's been given just about every award, citation, commendation and pat-on-the-back from local as well as national gay/lesbian organizations. He's even had awards named after him, testifying to the love and respect the City of the Angels people have for him.

He's been written about in feature articles, interviews and exposes in the non-gay and gay press all over the world. There isn't a week in the year when he isn't speaking before some group around the area or the country. He dresses in white publicly and talks about our history as a people and a movement with the fervor of a Bible Belt preacher. While he tailors his comments to the concerns of each audience, his message is one of hope and accomplishment: "We've only been around twenty years and look how far we've come. Look how we've dealt with AIDS so lovingly and so effectively. We have much to be proud of as gay and lesbian people and we have so much more to do."

Morris Kight is one of a kind--a true legend in his own time. In presenting the 1972 Humanitarian Award from the San Diego lesbian and gay community, Gary Reese said this of Morris: "When he walks, the ground trembles. His shadow runs across the land." There is no doubt that he is a pillar of the gay/lesbian movement, known from shore to shore. He is a friend of the famous, infamous, stars and stars-in-waiting....yet he is a very accessable man. In one way or another, his contribution to human rights have positively affected everyone who reads this article. Thank you, Morris!

PRIME TIMERS
CENTRAL FLORIDA

Social group for older gay men and their admirers for Central Florida (Clermont to Ocala area). We are planning to organize a social group of older men, similar to the group in Boston. Anyone interested, contact: AJG/RJM, P.O. Box 886, Belleview, FL 32620.

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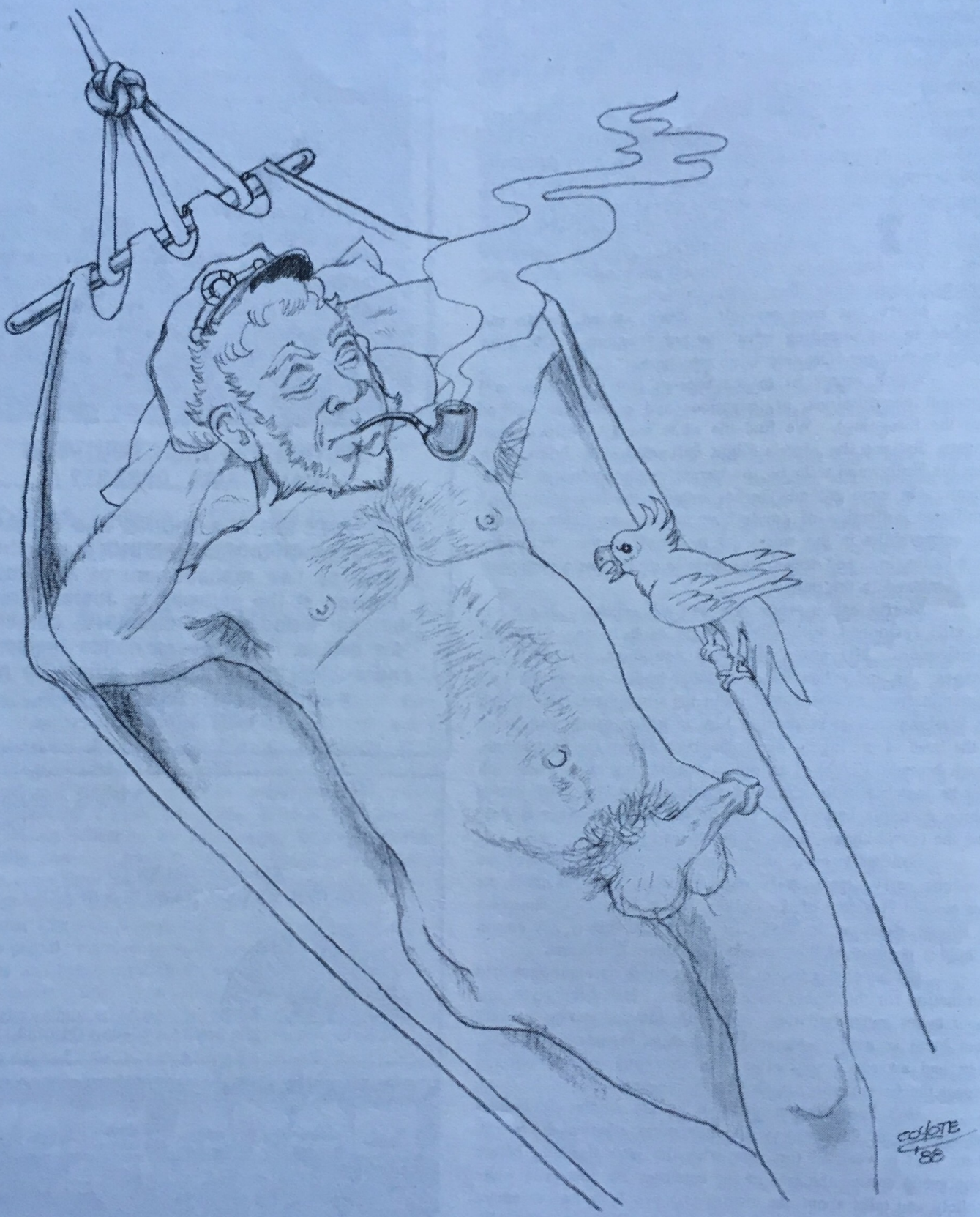


OL' SALTY

KENN RICHIE

SMUTSTER SEEKS ADONIS

For me, the greatest reason for writing a bit of erotic fiction is for the pure fun of it. When, on occasion, a reader will offer a note telling me he masturbated gloriously over a fantasy I conjured in words, I tend to feel warm, puffy with pride, and often go into a hopeless case of the giggles. When I see one of my tales in print and imagine that hundreds of men may reach orgasms from its suggestions? ...WOW!! To make out with hundreds on one given night? Could a Times Square hooker boast such a score?

If this pleasure is ninety percent of my motivation, there remains a flimsy ten to be divided into other assorted reasons (some might say "excuses").

Most people believe that smutsters (a word I coined for myself and love to use on bureaucratic dotted lines) work for the money. This is the least of my considerations and, in fact, provokes a burst of laughter when it is suggested. Certainly, it's a joy to receive a small check for one's work, but they are small indeed, and, when tallied, barely cover the costs of stationary, typewriter repairs and postage. Some of my favorite magazines pay nothing in cash, but offer generous compensations with copies and subscriptions as well as priceless gifts of friendship. It's not done for the money.

"Soapboxing" is a strong motivating factor and, some critics say, often my undoing as a storyteller. I began writing in the form at a time when the need to alert gay men to the dangers of AIDS was urgent. At that time, what few pamphlets and articles that were available were too busy trying not to use "naughty" words to be of any value. Erotic gay fiction was virtually the only forum available to promote the use of condoms. Among my earliest published erotic works were the TRANCE stories, the adventures of a safe sex hustler who taught hot and wild sex games that could be played without risk. These were courageously offered in the pages of FIRST HAND at a time when most gay magazines were still timid about even mentioning the plague. The fact that they were well received encouraged me to further explore the possibilities of preaching little sermons between the thrusts and the backstrokes. Ideas, of course, had to be edged into the action "in addition to," not "in place of," else the purpose at hand....in hand....of the form was compromised. ("Whackoff Fiction," incidentally, is a term I rather like and try my best to honor.) I've inserted comments between hot, pulsating passions, on topics ranging from politics and religion to the outrageous price of shrimp, daring to suppose that most readers enjoy having something to think about while washing up.

Perhaps my favorite soapbox, "pet-peeve," or most urgent concern is, and always has been, the alarming, shameful and destructive prejudice that not only exists, but flourishes, within the gay community. All reason and logic tells us that, as victims of unreasonable and unfounded hate and fear from the larger society, we should be the last souls on the planet to practice such petty games of superiority among ourselves, yet we not only do, we do it openly and to incredible extremes!

Perhaps the worst, and certainly among the cruelist discrimination among gay people is focused on age. My outrage over this surely explains my adoration of CHIRON RISING. As I am hoping these words will reach its pages, however, let me reveal that I am hoping that I might be addressing men who've suffered at least some of this prejudice first hand, and have felt the bewildering and vicious sting of that sort of smug rejection.

You would think that as victims of prejudice, we'd be the last souls on the planet---???

"G.W.M. seeks younger same. No fats, fems, freaks. Must be well hung, big balls, hairy, muscular, butch, caring, sensitive, rugged, deep voiced, independently wealthy, generous, honest, faithful, handsome, brave and true. No balds, drinkers, smokers, bellies, skinnies, speech defects, Republicans or outie navels."

Such ads abound and, of course, those who place them (we have no idea what they are like), end up cursing the publication for the failure of this dreamboat to respond immediately. As we glance through such ads, we might, at first, only be amused by such absurdity. The implied rejection and contempt, however, lingers. We are being told that we are not good enough. We are being told off! By the time my flaws and foibles have put me out of consideration by at least three counts, I begin to feel slapped in the face with every additional, sneering rejection. The man who placed that ad doesn't even know me, yet he's gone to a lot of effort to tell me that he wouldn't care to? What will he do next, burn a cross on my lawn?

Certainly, the selection of a life partner, a steady lover or even a member of one's closer circle of friends is a matter of selection based on mutual interests and attractions. Yet, what could be more foolish than to deny the selection process? Why take a short cut that openly announces and even boasts of your prejudices? What could be more offensive, even potentially cruel and harmful to those who fail to meet your demanding standards? Is it somehow chic or clever to boost your own self-esteem by reducing other's?

Not to mention the often VERY true fact that the Prince Charming you seek may be among those you blindly reject, and your ad has denied you the frosting for the cake of companionship, sex and/or love, that delicious flavor of "in spite of."

The personals ads that attract most are always those that offer information on the advertiser, his interest and hobbies, a brief physical description perhaps, but allow the readers the choice as to whether or not this is someone they might like to meet. The least attractive ads are those that announce that there are readers, gay brothers, that for any reason given, are held in prejudicial contempt by an advertiser who would not offer a hand of friendship or a simple "hello."

Incidentally, if any of you fit the requirements of the sample ad placed in the illustration above, please write to me immediately! On second thought, forget it. With all that going for you, you're probably stuck up and arrogant. I hate snobs!

BALL CLUB

For men who have 'em and men who want 'em, the BALL CLUB is an efficiently run communications network with a lively, quarterly newsletter full of hot stories, articles, photos, drawings and hundreds of explicit, personal ads from members of all ages and ethnic backgrounds. If you're at all into this part of the male anatomy, you'll find what you want in the BALL CLUB. We're nation-wide/worldwide. For free information, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: BC/SW, P.O. Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769

THE COLONEL..."Down On The Farm"....photo by Kent Justice

XYLOPHANG

[Columnist's note: I'M BAAAAAAAAAACK! Actually I was on vacation, but judging from the mail my editor/publisher received, it appeared to you readers that the CHIRON Boys had bowed to pressure from their more conservative readers and fired me. *Au contraire*, honey. The mail was 2 to 1 FOR *moi*. Now, for my column:]

HOW TO FIND THE LOVE OF YOUR LIFE

Many people believe that meeting the love of one's life is fated. Many don't. Most believe that true love exists, however, and that the ideal mate is very hard to find. How do you find him? I offer no credentials on the subject, but I do have a damned good formula. It worked for me and many others, including quite a few CHIRON RISING subscribers, according to our illustrious editor and publisher. It even worked for ROB DADEO, who will be writing his story soon, it appears.

SEARCH YOUR SOUL. Before you do anything, look at yourself in the mirror and ask yourself some pointed questions. Be brutally honest with yourself. Do you want a PERMANENT mate more than anything in this world? Can you adapt--possibly radically-- and be flexible? If you are sad or depressed, can you put a lid on your negative vibrations long enough to put on a happy face and make yourself attractive when you begin to meet people? Can you put a gag on that certain friend who will get jealous over your success and try to interfere? Are you prepared to experience the ultimate in joy, pain, rapture and grief? Will you take care of your man until the bitter end? If so, then read on. If not, then you're looking for an affair and should go to the next article. You are playing with karma, folks. It's for keeps.

MAXIMIZE YOUR CHANCES. The other day, a friend said that his personal ads in various publications netted him 56 responses, but that he only answered FOUR, finally meeting only ONE man. He also plays the lottery, so I asked him what his chances would be if he limited himself to just 4 tickets a year. He laughed at me. Then I asked him why he disregarded the other 52 respondees and he said that none of them had been "Mr. Right." Having flipped over (and been rejected by) the only one he did meet, he is now in a quagmire of depression and his house and yard are falling apart. He was convinced that he could weed out all the undesirables by merely reading their words or seeing their photos. When I told him that he should have met at least half of them, he thought I was crazy. Like my friend, many lonely gay men turn on themselves and go into a shell, meeting no one new. Others waste their time clinging to poisonous cliques, which intimidate newcomers. According to the boys at CHIRON RISING, the ones who are having the best luck finding lovers are the ones who stick their necks out. They answer as many ads as possible and place ads themselves. Even if a respondee is "marginal," they meet the man anyway, because a real face is twice as effective as a photo. Jeez, how many men look like their photos or turn out to be exactly as anticipated? How many men can write a letter that vividly bares his soul? Afraid that one of you will not be turned on and someone will be embarrassed? Easy. Make no promises and remind the other that you're both big boys and haven't the slightest idea what's going to happen. If you're smart, however, you'll try to get at least a pleasant acqaintanceship out of the meeting. Meet some of his friends. After all, that's how Pat and The Friar met. Pat answered an ad in Holiday Bulletin and the advertiser showed his photo to a friend, who was interested. The rest is history. MEET AS MANY PEOPLE AS POSSIBLE.

LISTEN TO YOUR GUT. Okay, so you find someone and you fuck each other's brains out. How do you feel around the guy? After the sexual fireworks, do you feel good and at ease, or do you feel anxious? If you feel insecure around him, then he's probably not for you. That anxiety is probably your gut, trying to tell you to cool it. How do you affect him? If he's insanely jealous, don't be flattered. Odds are, he'll probably be balling your best friend within a month. Is he the best piece of ass you ever had? Then you're listening to your dick and not your gut. BELIEVE.....Your gut won't lie to you. When the right man comes along, you won't have the slightest doubt. You won't see stars and hear bells, but your gut will be calm and you'll like the way you feel deep inside. Suddenly, you'll find patience you never thought you had. You'll suddenly resent all those years you felt you squandered. You'll anticipate all those periods of joy, pain, rapture and grief.....then the impact of the responsibility will hit you like a brick wall. For the first time in your life, you will feel like a fully matured, responsible, CONSUMMATE man.

MAKE HIM NUMBER ONE IN YOUR LIFE: Expect him to do likewise. Your relationship has to eclipse career and even family. See an attorney and get wills made up. Get powers of attorney for health care. If your family members know about your lifestyle, fill them in on your new partner. Then, hold on for the most profound and enriched segment of your life.

He's out there, gentlemen. Pat and The Friar are currently getting a letter a week, announcing yet another coupling, so dust off that old typewriter and have some prints made of that recent photo. The magazine you now hold in your hot hands is the key. Don't let it pass you by.

And when things look bleak and you think that you'll never find anyone, stop and realize.....he's looking for you, too.

SEX POT
Big Bad

SULJI'S SPHERE

a novel by OCHO

(CONTINUED FROM FEBRUARY 89 ISSUE)

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO'VE JUST JOINED US, THIS IS THE STORY OF AN OLDER GAY MAN NAMED PETER WADE, WHOSE LOVER HAS BEEN MURDERED. DISTRAUGHT AND SUICIDAL, HE MOVES TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND STUMBLES UPON AN ALIEN, HOVERING, SPHERICAL ROBOT, WHICH CONVINCES HIM THAT EACH CAN HELP THE OTHER AND DO SOMETHING OF CONSEQUENCE FOR MANKIND. MEANWHILE, WE ARE INTRODUCED TO AIR FORCE GENERAL AND MEMBER OF THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF, BOB HOLTZ, ALONG WITH HIS SECRETLY GAY BUDDY, GENERAL ERNIE SULLIVAN. EVENTUALLY, THE SPHERE TAKES PETER TO ITS SPACESHIP AND, WITH THE AID OF A SOPHISTICATED SIMULATOR, CREATES AN ANDROID DOUBLE OF PETER'S DECEASED LOVER AND ENTERS THE REPLICA'S HEAD AS ITS "BRAIN." TO CELEBRATE, THE ANDROID--CALLED ANDY--AND PETER HAVE MAD, PASSIONATE SEX ON THE SEARING SURFACE OF THE MOON. MEANWHILE, THE SPACESHIP IS SIGHTED BY THE AIR FORCE AND GENERAL HOLTZ IS BROUGHT INTO THE INVESTIGATION. BACK ON THE MOON, AFTER CREATING A FEMALE ANDROID THEY NAME ANDREA, PETER AND ANDY TAKE UP HOUSEKEEPING IN LAGUNA BEACH, WHEREUPON ANDY GOES OFF TO "CARBON COPY" THE DATA IN THE BRAINS OF VARIOUS PROFESSORS TO FULFILL HIS PURPOSE ON EARTH. PETER, BELIEVING THAT IT WILL BE GOOD FOR THE WORLD, GOES ALONG WITH THE PLAN. AS THEY PREPARE FOR PHASE TWO IN WASHINGTON, A DRUNKEN GENERAL HOLTZ BROODS OVER HIS EX WIVES AND WONDERS IF HIS BEST FRIEND, SULLIVAN, IS GAY, AS HIS EX CHARGES. HE INVITES SULLIVAN OVER TO FIND OUT, BUT ENDS UP FINDING OUT MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR AS HE IS SEDUCED. MEANWHILE, PETER AND ANDREA FLY OFF TO WASHINGTON, D.C. AS MAN AND WIFE, WHEREUPON ANDREA, USING HER POWERS OF MIND READING AND CONTROL, MEETS THE "RIGHT" PEOPLE. THEY GET INVITED TO A PARTY, WHERE THEY FIND THEMSELVES SURROUNDED BY THE MOST POWERFUL PEOPLE IN WASHINGTON--ONE OF THEM, GENERAL SULLIVAN. THE INCREDIBLY SEDUCTIVE ANDREA MANAGES TO LURE A POWERFUL SENATOR INTO BED AND ABSORBS HIS MEMORY, WHICH INCLUDES MYRIAD TOP SECRETS. SHE HAS ALSO MANAGED TO IMPRESS SULLIVAN SO MUCH THAT HE ARRANGES TO FIX HOLTZ UP WITH HER. EVENTUALLY, PETER PINES FOR ANDY--EVEN IF HE IS INERT-- AND RETURNS TO LAGUNA BEACH. FINALLY, ANDREA MEETS HOLTZ AND IT'S LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT. NEARLY FUCKED TO DEATH, HE SLEEPS WHILE SHE ABSORBS HIS MEMORY AND DETERMINES THAT THE SPHERE AND ITS MISSION ARE IN DANGER. FINALLY, WE MEET SULJI, THE SPHERE'S CREATOR, FAR OUT IN SPACE. HE IS HUMAN-LIKE, YET HIGHLY EVOLVED. HE IS ALSO A PRISONER OF THE UTRANIANS, A PLUNDERING, MALEVOLENT BUNCH OF LESS HUMAN-LIKE CREATURES. HE SADLY RECALLS BETTER DAYS AND WORRIES ABOUT THE WEAPON SYSTEMS HE'S BEEN FORCED TO CREATE FOR THE UTRANIANS. MEANWHILE BACK ON EARTH, PETER RUNS INTO A BISEXUAL ROB DADEO TYPE AND LURES HIM HOME. JUST AS HE SEDUCES HIM, ANDREA RETURNS FROM WASHINGTON AND THE THREE HOP INTO THE SACK TOGETHER. WEEKS LATER, ANDY TELLS PETER ABOUT THE DETERIORATION OF THE EARTH AND FINALLY FILLS HIM IN ON THE SECRETS HE'S OBTAINED. STILL NEEDING ADDITIONAL INFORMATION FROM HOLTZ, ANDREA MEETS HIM IN CALIFORNIA AND DISCOVERS THAT THE AIR FORCE IS ABOUT TO DISCOVER THE SPACE SHIP. UNABLE TO REACH IT IN TIME, ANDREA WATCHES AS IT EXPLODES IN THE DESERT. KNOWING THAT HIS MASTERS WERE AWARE OF THE EXPLOSION AND HOPING THAT HIS CREATOR WILL ALLOW HIM TO STAY AND FINISH HIS MISSION, ANDY TAKES PETER TO A LOCATION HE'S RECEIVED TELEPATHICALLY. UNFORTUNATELY, THE RESCUING SPACE SHIP IS DRIVEN BY 7 FOOT DRONE ROBOTS AND THEY TAKE THE SPHERE, LEAVING ANDY'S SYNTHETIC BODY BEHIND. THE AIR FORCE ARRIVE AND, AS WE JOIN THE STORY AGAIN, PETER AND THE ANDROID ARE CARTED OFF TO EDWARDS AIR FORCE BASE AND GENERAL HOLTZ.

NINE

Holtz had been angry at first, awakening and finding that she had left. Then he began to realize how she must have felt. One does not express love on just the second meeting, he reasoned. But then, he did love her for some reason--loved her more than he had ever loved anyone. Now, all he had to do was find her.

A knock came at his office door.

"Come in," he barked, irritably.

The forever worried looking Colonel Simpson walked in and approached his desk. His face was almost as pale as his thin grey hair. He was shaking. "We received a message from Baker. They found two men where the space ship landed. One is alive and the other is....He had no brain and there was no blood. Both are on their way here now by chopper."

"Bingo!" Excitement rushed through his body, as his eyes widened and he swiveled his chair from side to side. "Now, we're going to get somewhere. Do X-rays on both. They could be androids. Do not--I repeat--do not cut into them or even jostle them. This whole fucking base could go up. After the X-rays are done, come and get me."

The colonel nodded and turned to leave.

"And Simpson. Not a word to anyone. After I call the president, everybody'll want to get into the act."

"Yes, sir," he said, leaving hurriedly.

****

The synthetic body lay on a table inside a small morgue. Around it stood Holtz, Colonel Simpson and Major Hall, a thin, bald doctor in his late thirties.

"Definitely an incredibly engineered creation," offered Hall. "The other is human."

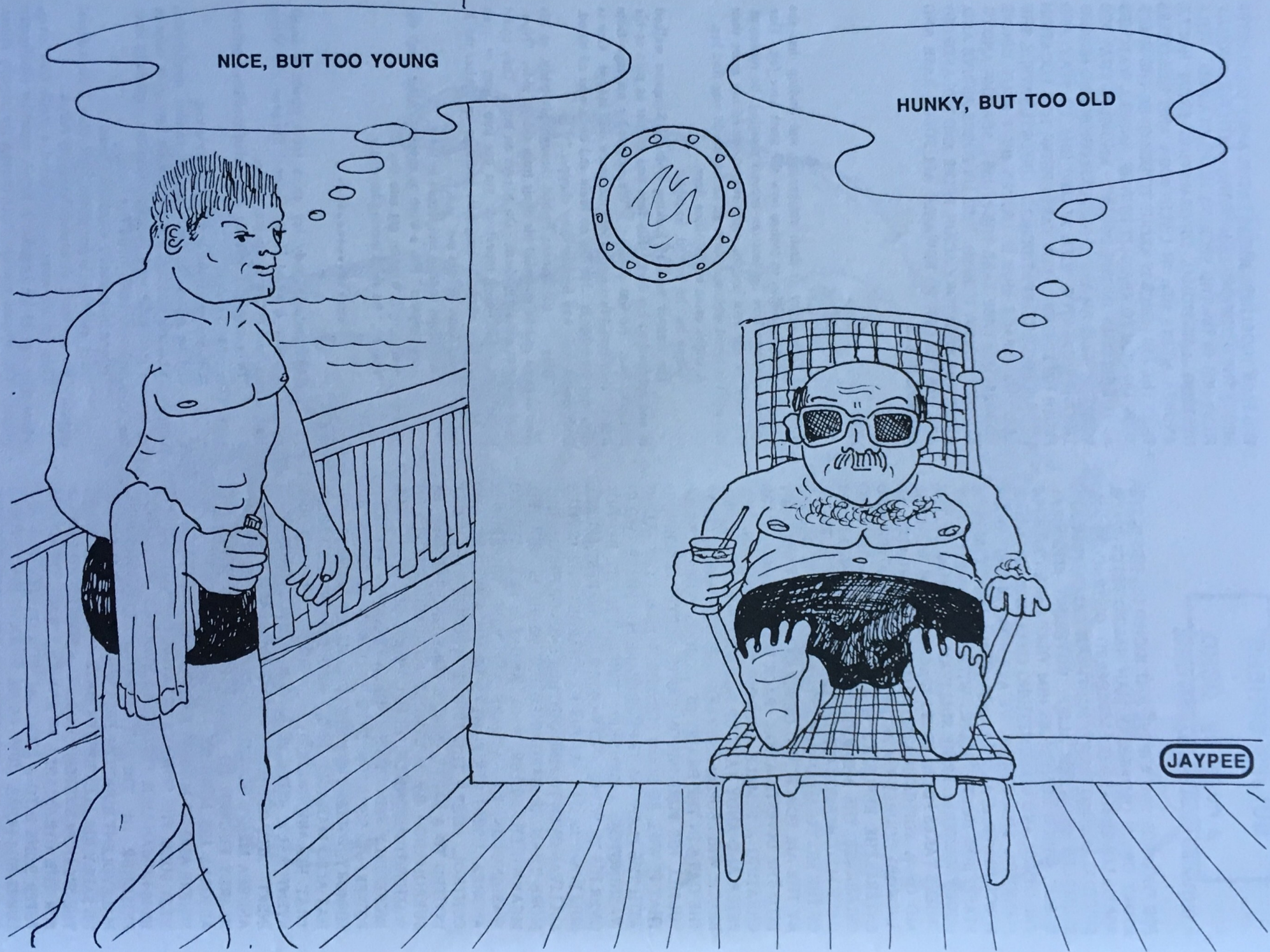
"Can you probe the android?" Holtz asked.

"I'd be afraid to try. There're various mechanisms which can't be penetrated by X-ray. It would have to be done in an isolated area under very guarded conditions, especially since that ship explosion killed thirty-five men."

"Where is the man?" asked the general.

"He's awaiting interrogation next door," the colonel replied. "We can see it all through a security mirror."

They left the morgue and entered a small, dark room, where they met Major Lemcke, a blond, muscular intelligence officer. The officers watched Peter through the security mirror


NICE, BUT TOO YOUNG
HUNKY, BUT TOO OLD
JAYPEE

with apprehension and excitement. They wondered what incredible secrets his mind held.

Peter's eyes projected a host of emotions: fear, anxiety, grief, melancholia, savageness--all glazed with shock. His body seemed incongruous with his eyes and projected nothing but prosaic indifference.

Holtz gestured for Lemcke to proceed with the interrogation. Nodding, the major entered the room with Peter and sat opposite him.

"How are you?" asked Lemcke. His voice was gentle.

Peter did not move or speak. Images, phrases, words --all raced through his mind. He felt as if he had no control over his voice. The colors in his vision were faded, as if he were dying, only he felt no pain or symptom to bear it out. He monitored his body and organ parts, only partially aware of Lemcke's voice.

"We want to help you. What is your name?"

....had I been mobile it would have sniffed at me and gone away in search of another.....but my brain was void and it locked onto me leading me to the portals beyond which are the leviathan nightmares guarding the secret....whispers tell me to go on but I can't....because I smell the sweet mist of insanity and wonder.....what destroys....the beasts or the secret.....

"Won't you tell me your name?"

He suddenly became aware of Lemcke.....***you asshole....you insipid automaton career military man....you get kicks out of sucking brains as your peers and big shots watch you perform through the mirror and masturbate as you get my name....so my life is over because you will never let me be free....you'll never let me take a photograph of a rose or eat tempura or write a poem or suck a cock or tread warm water or find my lover....whereever he is.....***

"Where did the spacecraft go? Where was it from?" His voice was sweetly friendly.

.....the moon....yes the moon....he's talking to his master on the moon and his master will listen and let him come back.....then he'll come here and blow your fucking base to bits you piece of shit....

"Why were you holding the android?"

....no.....no....you can't have my brain nor my name....no....my name will elude you because if you have my name you have my brain....and if I told you everything I know you would only look for more until you chewed away and ate my grey matter....then all of you would chew down to my medulla and eat that too because you don't want to end the hunt....and then it's my soul you want and you say that it's not in the medulla....how about the pituitary...not there either....in the thyroid....no....heart....no....liver....no....in the spleen....no not there....stomach no lungs no intestines ....not there.....spine...not there....colon no balls no not there either....IN THE COCK....YES NOW SUCK IT....

"Do you *know* your name?"

....and you all claw and fight to take your turn because you all have done it before with others and you say don't tell anybody I sucked your cock because it might get back to the general and he thinks I only suck his....

"Is the Cadillac yours?"

....you asshole....you smile with alabaster teeth like a demon so you can scare me into telling my name so you can slice me up afterward out of fun ....but you have to wait because something sits on my shoulder you can't see and it's a yellow-eyed gargoyle and its claws sink deep into my shoulder and it whispers that I lose and sinks its fangs into my scalp and screams....YOU LOSE....YOU LOSE....YOU LOSE....

"Do you hear me? Nod if you hear me. What is your name?"

....and YOU lose because I will never say my name here and it will not be said over my grave because there will be none because you will feed me to the desert and the animals won't know who they eat and my name will not be said by Andy and they'll probably destroy him like you will destroy me and then my name will never be said again.....

He could see himself being helped into a car. Jimmy and Ted would take him to a warm bed to sleep it off. Bob refuses to go with them and stays for another drink. He turns as the car drives away and walks to another bar. Disco music shrieks into the night. A short, dark hustler stands at the bar, watching Bob drink himself into oblivion. Leaves as he leaves. Follows him to a dark, vacant lot. Confronts him. Demands his wallet. Bob says to fuck off, walking away.

"...and the deceased was found, face down, in a vacant lot at the corner of Richardson and Polk, with thirty-five knife wounds about the torso and head..."

The notification. The telephone calls to Bob's mother and sister and brother and stepmother and gay friends. The wake. The funeral. The hatred for the short, dark, disturbed murderer. The trial. The sentence. The inevitable release, for sure. The surf, crashing around him and creating an island around him. The silence. The loneliness. The moon.

And now, this.

Major Lemcke abruptly left the room and joined the others behind the mirror. "He's out of it."

"Doctor?" said Holtz, looking at Peter. "Is it depression?"

"Look at his eyes. That's not depression," said Hall.

"Then what the fuck is it?"

"I'm not a psychiatrist, but I'd say it was an anxiety reaction. Maybe we could use dopoproxiphane. It's experimental, but I've seen good results with it in interrogation."

"Then do it," ordered the general. "I'll be in my office.....Colonel, check out that Cadillac."

"Yes, sir," said the colonel, noticing the general's eyes focusing past him.

Peter was standing on a chair, urinating on the security mirror. His face showed no emotion.

****

Two brawny air policemen escorted Peter into an examination room, where the doctor was waiting. They lifted Peter onto a table, gently forcing him into a prone position.

Major Hall stood over him and smiled nervously. "Just relax. This will make you feel better."

He readied the hypodermic syringe as the two men held Peter's arms. As he prepared to inject the drug, Peter's legs bolted upward and both feet struck the doctor's face, sending him into the wall. Breaking the hold of one of the men, Peter sent

his fist crashing into the face of the other.

The colonel entered Holtz' office abruptly. "He became violent, General. They finally subdued him, though and gave him a sedative."

"Where is he?"

"In detention. A padded cell. They have him in a straight jacket with his legs strapped to the bed."

"How long will the sedative last?"

"Hall said about four hours."

Holtz leaned back in his chair and placed his arms behind his head. "Looks like we have a madman on our hands."

"I found out about that Cadillac, General. It was leased to a William Tillis. The dealer says that he remembers a large, muscular man named Tillis who paid cash. His drivers license apparently had an accurate picture, but we found that the license number and address were the same as that of another William Tillis, five foot six, hundred sixty-five pounds. The dealer's description matches that of the android."

"Do you suppose they picked a name out of the telephone directory and forged a license?"

"What about the license number?"

"That's right. Shit. Maybe the short bastard is in on it. Then, again, he could have lost his license at one time."

"Want me to get him detained?"

"No. I don't want the FBI in on this. The President promised me I could handle everything for seventy-two hours. No....We'll concentrate on our man in the padded cell for now. Let me know when he comes out of sedation."

****

Peter's eyes had not changed. He sat, confined in the straight jacket, opposite the bruised doctor and Lemcke. Major Hall held a syringe filled with dopoproxiphane.

"What is your name?" asked Lemcke, coldly.

....okay....start using your fucking brain Pete...they aren't going to let you walk away ...Andy might not come back soon if ever....you can't let them know your name. ....you have to get your ass out of here.....

"We're going to give you something to help you remember your name."

Dr. Hall stood and began walking around the table.

"I'll talk to General Holtz--alone," blurted Peter.

The two officers looked simultaneously at the mirror, behind which sat Holtz.

****

Holtz sat behind his desk, looking curiously at Peter. Peter sat in a chair in front of the desk, still in his straight jacket.

"How do you know me?" said Holtz, almost growling.

"I want out of this fucking mess. I want to go free with my ass and brain intact."

"And what do you have to offer in return for that little favor?"

"Information about the Zemya missle, for starters. But I want assurances about my release."

Stunned, Holtz slowly stood and walked to the front of the desk, sitting on the edge. "What kind of assurances?"

"That's your problem, General."

Holtz studied Peter's face. "Tell me something. Why were you holding the android?"

Peter seemed puzzled. "What does that have to do with my assurances."

"They said you were kissing and stroking the android."

"So?"

"Are you a little gay?"

Peter became confused, wondering what Holtz was up to.

Holtz studied Peter at length, then abruptly approached the door and opened it. Two air policemen were outside. "Move to each end of the hallway. No one's to come down this hallway. No one's to be outside this door." Closing the door, he smiled and returned to the desk in front of Peter. He glanced at Peter's feet, which were taped together. He began to feel a rush of excitement and walked into an adjacent bathroom.

Peter turned his head and watched as Holtz came out with a towel, condom and a tube of Vaseline. "Oh, my God. Not with that ***club***--you'll mutilate me."

Holtz squinted. "You got a wealth of information in that head of yours, don't you?"

Peter jumped from the chair and fell to the floor. He attempted to crawl to the door on his back, but Holtz grabbed his feet and pulled him back into the center of the room.

"No! Help me!" yelled Peter.

"Scream your guts out. No one's gonna come to your rescue, you stupid fruit." Holtz unbuckled Peter's trousers and pulled them down his legs, along with his underwear. Violently turning him over, he placed his knee into the small of Peter's back, then unzipped his own fly. He struggled to take out his erect cock, then struggled more to roll the condom onto it.

Smearing the lubricant on himself and Peter's sphincter, he moved into position and guided himself into Peter's rectum. Holding his hand over Peter's mouth, he savagely drove his penis to its maximum depth. "You ain't going nowhere, motherfucker. From you, I want the complete story. Zemya..." He pulled and thrust again. "....Where the aliens are from. What your relationship was with the android. How you knew my name and the size of my cock. Get it?" Again, he pulled and rammed deeply. "You're dealing with a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, my sweet friend. During a ***security crisis***, no less. We have many ways of breaking your ass."

He pounded into Peter again and again, then erupted, filling the condom with semen.

Peter gazed serenely at the carpet supporting his face. He was not afraid of what they would do to him. He would transcend pain. He knew he could now as he strained to hold back the rumbling in his groin.

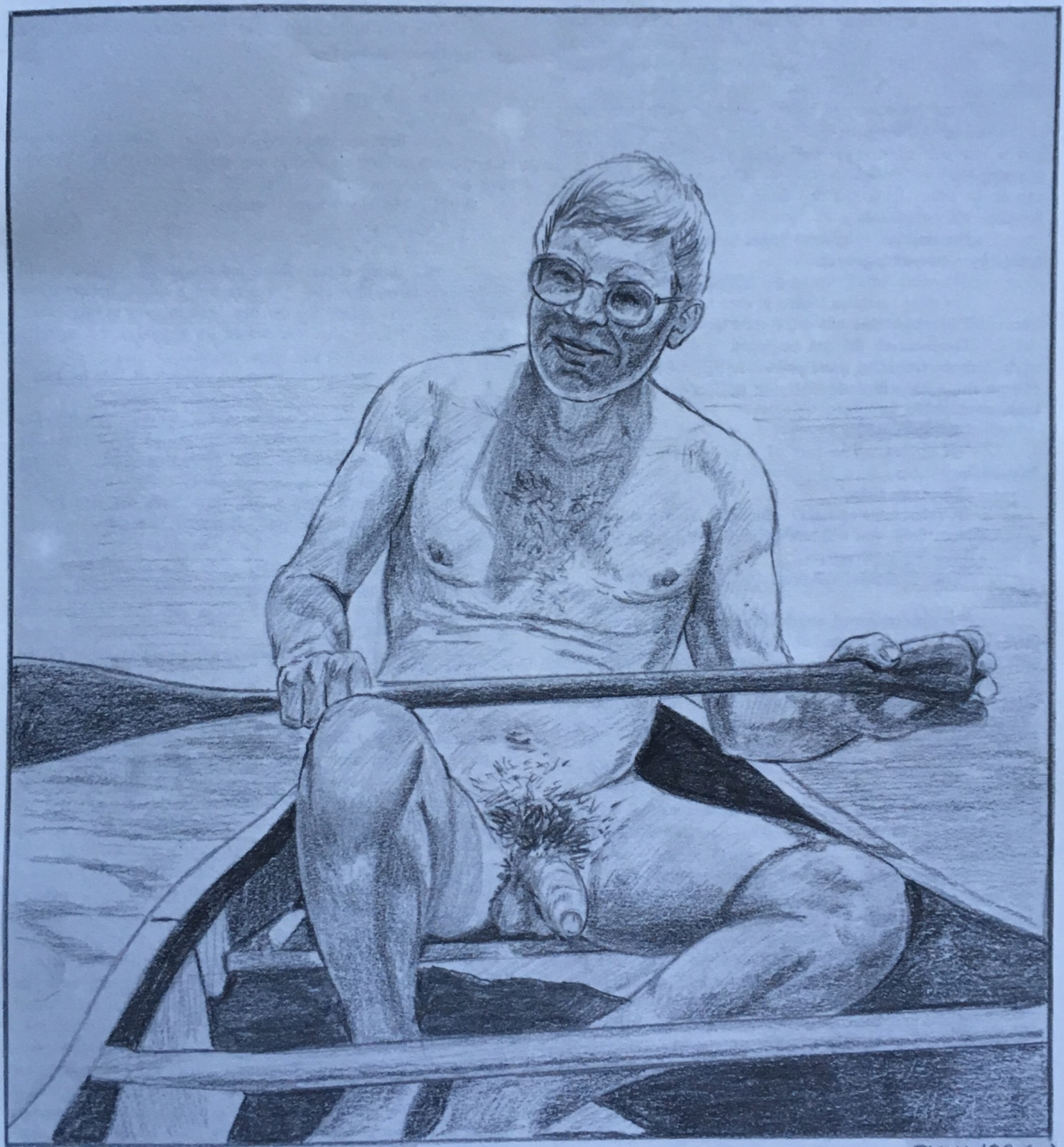
As Holtz' shank slipped out and he released his massive hand, Peter turned over and ejaculated into Holtz' chest hair.

Peter's eyes burned into the general's cock. "Take the rubber off and let me suck it, baby," he chanted, as if said by an incubus from within him.

TEN

The white leviathan loomed ahead, between the orbits of Jupiter and Saturn and hidden from earth by Jupiter. From its side, it appeared to be a huge, silver projectile, but from below, it looked like half an elipse. Its surface was smooth with no probe or exhaust attachments. There were no sharp edges, nor portholes, save for six teet-like docks at the rear of the ship. With five of these docks occupied by spacecraft, it was like a massive, exotic animal, feeding her offspring.

As the spacecraft carrying the sphere neared the mammoth ship, it decelerated and proceeded into a docking



ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT

SKUA '89 (10)

maneuver at the empty dock. Finally coupled to the mother ship, the four robots inside became activated and three headed for the entrance. One retrieved the sphere from the box and held it under its arm. The door opened and three robots lined up against a wall nearby and deactivated. The fourth proceeded down a colorless corridor toward the center of the big ship. Reaching a large, circular door, it stopped. A beam of light emanated from its translucent face toward the door, which opened by sliding into the wall. The robot released the sphere, which floated through the doorway into the room on the other side.

Three creatures sat behind a plastic-like, hemispheric conference table, facing the sphere. Their skins were transparent and a network of orange and green vessels could be seen covering their heads, which were in the shape of an elongated egg on its side. Each had two large silver eyes, but no other openings on their faces.

The smaller of the three began to communicate with the sphere by a telepathic process.

"Where is Sulji?" spoke the sphere, in English.

The three creatures looked at each other in amazement.

The sphere transmitted the same question in Utran.

The creature thought projected in Utran: "Sulji had work to do here, making more probes--in light of the destruction of your ship. He will determine your malfunction and send you back, no doubt."

"Malfunction?"

"Of course. The loss of a probe ship is a serious mistake."

"There are risks."

"A robot talks of risks? Enough. Your malfunction is quite evident. Sulji, you will now debrief your creation and place it into a drone for local service."

"Yes, Commander," projected Sulji, from behind the sphere.

The sphere turned and looked into the large, sad eyes, then became stunned that Sulji was human-like. The only difference was his enlarged, hairless cranium and white skin.

Sulji turned and walked away, with the sphere just behind him. The sphere followed him down a long corridor and into a laboratory. Closing the door, Sulji looked thoughtfully at his creation.

"You're not the same as them." The sphere spoke in English.

"I'm not Utranian. My people are called ***Nefilim***-- from ***Marduk*** in this universe. They captured me when they annihilated most of us....."

"You speak English!" the sphere interrupted. "And you have a mouth. You didn't program me to know about mouths. Do you have a penis?"

"Yes," Sulji said, chuckling.

"Then I don't understand. Not at all."

Sulji pointed toward a white, plastic-like, rectangular table. "Over here."

The sphere obeyed and hovered over the table. Sulji pulled open a transparent, hinged, bubble-like cover in the center of the table. The sphere lay in a molded depression. Sulji then closed the cover and walked to a nearby bank of instrument panels, which completely lined three walls of the room. He pulled a switch and the room lighting was replaced by a soft, blue beam extending from a bubble on the high ceiling to the bubble covering the sphere.

"Nor do I understand, my little metal offspring," whispered Sulji, as tiny, multi-colored lights began dancing around the room on the faces of the panels. A metallic tape emanated from the panel area where he stood and he began to read it.

Soon, the tiny lights faded and the blue beam disappeared. As the room lights came on, Sulji opened the cover and sat in an elevated stool nearby. "You baffle me. You had an abundance of information, but there is now an inner core of memory I cannot retrieve."

"You didn't reprogram me just now..... Why?"

"Do you understand what love means?" asked Sulji, ignoring the question.

"Yes."

"Do you love now?"

"Yes."

Sulji hesitated and chose his words. "There is evidence of a quantity of ectoplasmic matter inside your shell. Do you have any idea what that might mean?"

"I know what I hope it means."

"And what is that?"

"That it is a soul."

Sulji stared at the sphere and shuddered. A tear rolled out of each large blue eye. "You're not a robot, because you have a soul." He smiled for the first time in over twenty years. "You know.....I knew that you would be special and I secretly named you. To only me, you were Qydol."

"Qydol," the sphere repeated, entranced that he had a name.

"I believe in a higher order which controls the universe, Qydol. Something or someone of an intelligence far greater than mine has placed an added dimension in you." He sat gently and studied the sphere lovingly. "I must explain something. I've been to this planet, earth. We called it ***Ki***...."

"***Ki*** ?" repeated the sphere. "Let me retrieve it....***Ki***...Yes....From the ancient Sumerian texts. Earth scholars treat it as mythology. The texts spoke of a planet, ***Marduk***, which orbits the sun counter to the other planets, like a comet. It collided with what was then called ***Tiamat*** and the result was earth--***Ki***-- and the asteroid belt. The planet supposedly orbits the sun every two thousand years or so, which explains all the catastrophies about every two thousand years ....."

Sulji shook his head in amazement. "You performed well." He sighed. "But it is not mythology.
Our people--the ***Nefilim***-- have attempted for years to help save these earth people from themselves. My ancestors bred with the ape-like creatures many years ago and the present inhabitants are our descendants--much to our embarrassment. We felt that we had a responsibility to save the planet, though. And in spite of the greed and corruption and inhumanity so many of them exhibit, we tried to save those evolved ones at least. How then could I help destroy it by giving the Utranians my knowledge about them? There was immense pressure to create you and the other probes. They didn't know about my knowledge of earth, so I gave you nothing of that knowledge--I needed more time. I felt I could eventually stop them from plundering the earth like they did ***Marduk***." He picked up the sphere and held it with cupped hands. "I feel compelled now to aid you in fulfilling a mission far greater than I could devise. First, I will destroy the data I retrieved from you. Then, you will absorb my memory and we will attempt to escape and destroy these savages." He placed Qydol back into the depression. "There is a planet I've visited, where I can live in peace. You, my protege, will return to earth and continue the work of the ***Nefilim***." He quickly closed the cover. "We haven't much time."

Sulji sat, staring at his creation, then finally went into a deep trance. Soon, all of Sulji's knowledge was copied by Qydol.

The four drone robots stood silently against the passageway outside the entrance to number four warship. Suddenly, the robot closest to the entrance activated and obeyed an order transmitted to it from somewhere within the ship. It walked stiffly down the wide, peripheral corridor, then turned into a narrower corridor, leading into the ship's interior.

A Utranian technician appeared, walking in the opposite direction. He stopped. "Halt," he projected in machine language.

The robot obeyed.

"What is your duty?"

"Standby ship four. Temporary duty programming laboratory. Sulji," projected the robot.

"Continue," ordered the technician.

The robot continued walking until it came to a closed doorway, then stopped. Sulji opened the door, looked both ways down the corridor, then stood aside. "Enter. Proceed to center of laboratory and deactivate," Sulji projected.

The robot obeyed and Sulji closed and locked the door. As Qydol watched, Sulji pressed a small, translucent square on the robot's back, which caused it to bow forward. A panel at the back of its head moved aside, exposing a metal globe identical to Qydol. Sulji exchanged them, placing the other under the bubble.

"Remember. Stop if a Utranian orders you to halt. When he asks you your duty, you respond in machine language with, 'Standby ship four. Temporary duty programming laboratory. Complete.' Then stand still until he tells you to continue."

"Okay."

"When you leave the laboratory, turn right and proceed to the peripheral corridor, then turn right again. Station yourself to the left of the third robot at warship four. You should be an expert on the warship now."

"Understood."

Sulji unlocked the door, then peered outside. He motioned for him to proceed, then closed the door after him.

A Utranian technician met the commander and his two aids in the peripheral corridor.

"Have you just come from Sulji's laboratory?" projected the commander.

"No, Commander. Perhaps I should have...."

"Why?"

"He ordered a drone. I find that odd."

The commander looked at each of his aids, then all four creatures began running toward the laboratory corridor.

The four Utranians crashed through the laboratory doors and found the room empty, except for the other sphere.

The commander projected Qydol's machine code.

The drone's sphere lay dormant under the bubble.

"He's switched them," projected an aid.

"What is he doing?" projected the other.

"The docking area!" the Commander ordered.

Sulji walked calmly down the peripheral corridor. Ahead, he could see another technician looking anxiously at him. The technician slowed his gait and stopped as Sulji reached him. "What are you doing here?"

"I must make an adjustment in Warship Four. There is a flaw in the docking program," projected Sulji, continuing.

The technician watched him as he neared the entrance to the warship, then turned, hearing the sound of others approaching from behind.

"Stop him!" ordered the commander.

Sulji began to run toward the entrance. "Get inside!" he yelled to Qydol inside the drone at the entrance. "Quickly!"

Before he could be stopped, the technician fired a broken, purple beam into Sulji's back, sending him sliding down the corridor, leaving a trail of flesh and blood.

A sharp, piercing wail came from the Commander, who suddenly stopped and looked down in horror at Sulji's mutilated body. "You fool! You fool!"

Qydol stared at Sulji's body from inside the ship and felt hatred for the first time in its existence. Transmitting a signal to the console, the doorway closed and the ship became uncoupled. The warship then sped away from the mothership.

"Mobilize the other ships!" ordered the commander, running into the next warship.

Each aid ran into separate warships, accompanied by drone robots.

Qydol's warship abruptly changed directions and made a pass on the mother ship. As the three other warships began uncoupling, Warship Four unleashed a rapid succession of balls of orange light, instantly destroying the other ships with massive explosions.

Then, at maximum speed, the warship arced thousands of miles into space and moved toward the underside of the mother ship, bombarding it relentlessly with the orange lights. Passing the mother ship, the warship sped into space at the speed of light. The mother ship exploded and momentarily became a small star, then a mass of debris, floating endlessly through space.

To the people who witnessed it on earth, it would be a warning of things to come.

****

Peter lay strapped in the small bed, gaping at the ceiling.

.....I hear a strange sound.....the platinum sound of spiralling air through the syrinx of a finch...or is it Syrinx....perhaps Pan playing the reeds which were the parts of the nymph's body....a faun performs his night sonata...perched on the perimeter of a dream .... compelling silence from all but the accompanying wind ....moonbeams give the forest luminescence....nocturnal moisture clings and solftens green paths and dulcet pipes bid us welcome to primeval hippodrome and we waltz through lushness in somnolence then prostrate and mutually feast....dawn arrives too soon...phasing the faun and his fellow night creatures into permanight.... sending an idyllic dream scurrying off to memory banks ....transmigrating my phantom love to other horizons ...leaving me alone with the lingering taste of his sweet semen....

He felt another needle enter his arm, then leered at the doctor as he left the room. He wondered what the drug was. Then, he felt as if his body were slowly forming a ball..... and he knew.

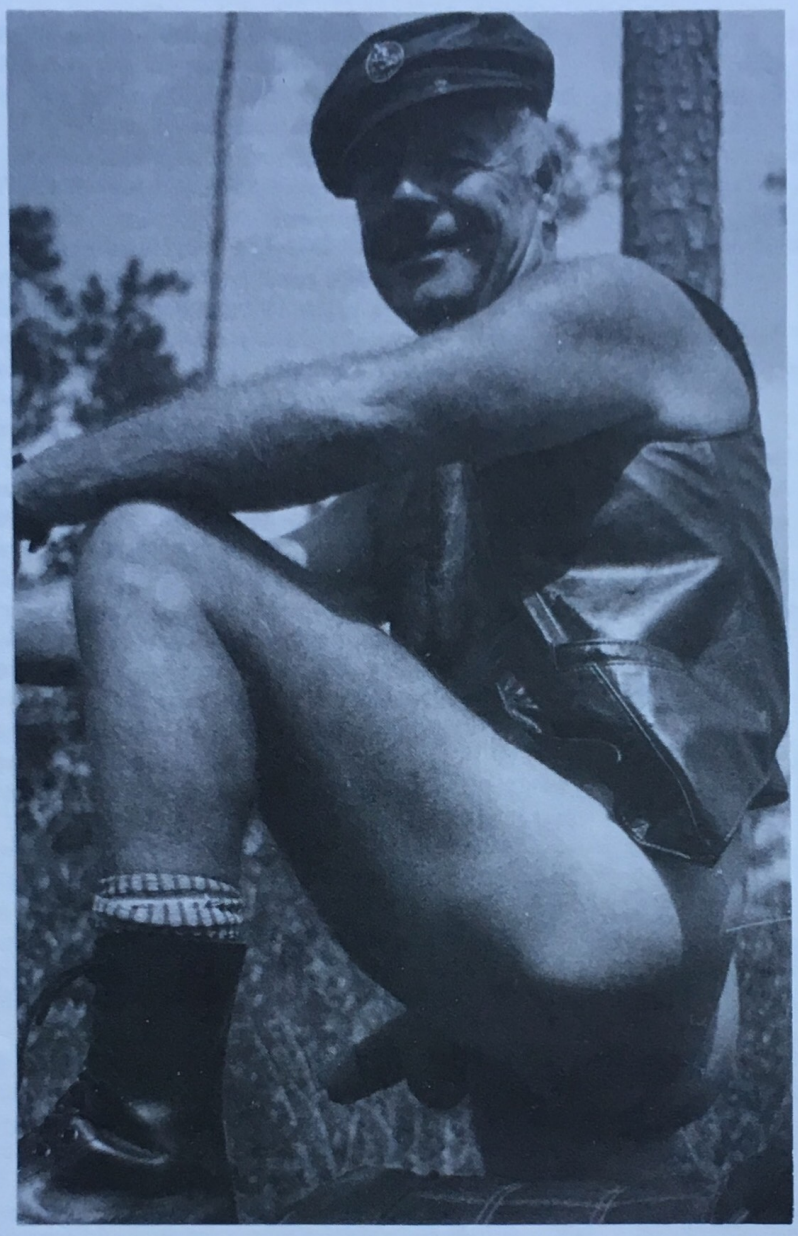
The bare light above him seemed to transmit heat and he began to perspire. Then the fever hit.

****

Major Lemcke sat in a chair in the corner of the small room, watching Peter writhe in pain. "What is your name?"

"What did you give me, you motherfucker!" screamed Peter, his mouth frothing.

"What is your name?"



THE BIKER.....photo by Kent Justice

BENGAL TIGER
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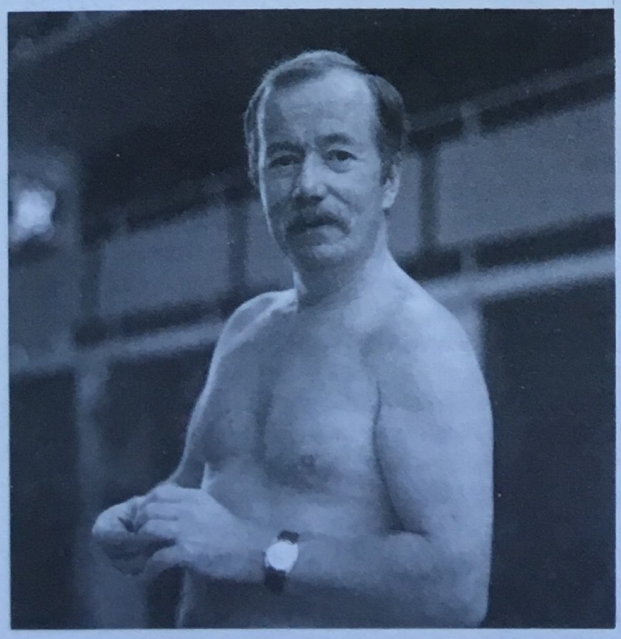

KIMO.....photo by T.C.

KONDOH and RHUM.....photo by P.H. Colley

Peter lifted his head and showered the major with hatred from inflamed eyes. His limbs strained to break the leather straps pinning him to the bed. Every muscle in his body was spasmodic and seemed to tear apart as the drug raged throughout his body.

"What is your name?"

Peter began to scream as the pain reached his testicles.

****

The warship slipped into the darkness of the Pacific and sped to the edge of the continental shelf, settling in several hundred feet of water. Qydol ascended to the surface and soared directly for the lights of Laguna Beach.

The house was dark and silent and the shattering of the kitchen window reverberated throughout the neighborhood. Qydol floated throught the kitchen into the foyer and into the living room. It hovered over the coffee table and overturned Scotch bottle.

"Edwards Air Force Base," the female voice announced.

"General Holtz, please," said Andrea.

"One moment, please."

A ringing sound came, then another, then another.

"General Holtz' office, Colonel Simpson speaking."

"Yes. Could I speak to General Holtz?"

"I'm sorry, m'am, but the general is asleep."

"Tell the General that Andrea Hawkins is calling."

"Lady, it's almost one o'clock and...."

"You will regret it, Colonel, I assure you, if you don't tell him."

"I'll probably regret it for waking him up. Hold on."

On hold without music, she thought. One minute, then two.

"Andrea?" Holtz' voice was unbelieving and trembling.

"Hi, Tiger. How are you?"

"What the hell happened?"

"It's a long story, Bob. My husband was killed last week."

"Oh, my God. I.....I'm sorry, baby," whispered Holtz, images of marrying her tearing through his mind.

"I want to see you. I need you."

"Sure, baby. Where are you?"

"I'm in Four Corners. A restaurant called B.G.'s."

"I'll find it. Stay put. I'm on my way."

"Bob, I'm sorry I ran out on you, but I loved him."

"No, Baby. You don't need to explain. I need you, too."

The general strutted down the hallway and was met by the colonel.

"They're ready for the next round," Simpson said.

"Any luck?"

"No. Nothing with the dopo. Nothing with the muscle drug. They're ready now for the electric probes. The guy's stubborn. Tough as nails."

"He'll break sooner or later. I wish I could see those electric probes." He looked at his watch. "I have to leave for a few hours, Colonel."

"Yes, sir."

"By the way. I need to borrow your car."

"I'll be glad to take you somewhere, General."

"Colonel, it's to see a chick," he said, holding out his hand.

"Oh," said Simpson, handing him the keys.

He parked the Buick Elektra in front of the all night restaurant and could see Andrea iside, sitting in a booth. She appeared tired and forlorned. She was not her perfectly coiffed self. As she stared into a cup of coffee, the general entered the restaurant and approached the booth.

He sat next to her and she jumped, pretending to be startled. Then he embraced her. "Oh, Baby. It's so good to see you," he said, kissing her again and again.

She pretended to cry.

"Come on, Baby. Let's get out of here."

He helped her out of the booth and lay a five dollar bill on the table. They began walking for the front exit.

"Where is your car?" he asked.

"At the service station down the street," she lied. "It was over heating."

"There's a motel out on the highway..."

"Bob. Let's drive into the desert. I want you that way."

He felt the blood rush to his penis, as he conjured thoughts of sex under the stars. "Sure, Baby."

They found themselves on a lonely dirt road and the general pulled off onto the side.

Deep inside the desert, the warship responded to the signal and silently ascended into the night. It proceeded toward the origin of the signal.

Andrea sat sideways in the back seat with her legs wide apart. The general feasted on her vulva, making wet, animal sounds. Andrea moaned as she watched the ship hover twenty feet above the ground nearby. As the ship touched down, she feined a massive orgasm.

****

"Another sighting between Boron and Four Corners, Colonel," said the intelligence officer, exitedly. "I can't find General Holtz anywhere."

"Fuck the General and mobilize the unit. I'm taking charge."

The colonel quickly dressed and ran to the staging area.

****

Holtz lay on his back, exhausted, having dropped his load inside Andrea's body. She stood barefoot, outside the car, holding her clothes.

"Where are you, Baby?"

"Putting on my dress."

"Well, hurry up. I think you'll have to help dress me. I can't move."

"Okay," she said, dropping her clothes. She walked to the ship. The door opened and the ramp rested upon the desert floor. An eerie light from the ship illuminated the area. Inside, she began to scream as if she'd confronted unspeakable horror.

Holtz slowly stepped out of the car and looked at the ship with dazed eyes. As the nude general stood in front of the ship, four helicopters, carrying the colonel, Major Lemcke and fourteen other Air Force personnel, landed near him. A cloud of dust drifted across the entrance of the ship, merging with the exotic interior lights of the ship. The men stood mesmerized and horrified at the sight of the seven foot drone robot, staring back at them.

Qydol's voice was amplified and became stentorian. "We do not wish to harm you or the woman. Bring the android

and the human to the ship. In return, we will give you back the woman. If you do not cooperate we will destroy the woman, all of you and the base."

The others watched Holtz for a sign. He trembled and searched for his voice.

Four orange balls of pulsing energy shot from the ship and slammed into the side of a hill, several hundred years away. The explosion shook the area.

"Colonel." Holtz said, weakly. "Get the prisoner and the android."

Simpson quickly motioned for a lieutenant to join him and the two jumped inside a helicopter and lifted away.

"Andrea!' shouted Holtz. "Are you alright?"

"Bob." Andrea's voice was barely audible from inside the ship. "Please get me out of here." She began to sob.

****

Colonel Simpson't helicopter appeared on the horizon. The sky began to turn violet as dawn came.

Peter saw the ship and began to weep, silently. He looked outside at Andy's body, which was tied to a stretcher and attached to the base of the helicopter.

After the helicopter landed, Peter began to untie Andy's body and finally lifted it up into his arms. As the helicopter blades slowed to a stop, he struggled with the surprisingly light body to the front of the ship. He stared inside. Dark circles were under his eyes from the non-stop interrogations. His body was weak from the torture, but he somehow found the strength to lovingly hold the body in his arms.

Slowly, Andrea came out. As they became abreast, Peter faintly smiled, then walked up the ramp.

Andrea appeared to be in a state of shock. The general grabbed her and carried her to the car and sat her inside. "You alright, Baby?"

"Yes," she said, weakly.

Holtz grabbed his pants and slipped them on. He approached the ship. "Can you tell us where you're from?"

The ship was silent.

"Can we communicate with you?"

No one really noticed Qydol, floating over their heads and into the ship. All eyes were upon the robot. Suddenly, the ramp folded upward, sealing the entrance, then the ship instantly departed. It soon merged with the rising sun.

Holtz shook his head. His body still trembled. Still looking at the horizon, he reached for Andrea and pulled her close to him.

Simpson watched as Holtz suddenly fell out of the Elektra. He crawled, then ran around the car, holding his temples with both hands.

"Oh, my God! Oh, my God!"

Then, he ran into the desert, screaming.

(Continued in the June 89 issue)

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THE SPIRITUAL DIMENSION OF GAY LIBERATION

by John J. McNeill, PhD

In the December 88/January 89 issue of SWAN, there was a remarkable letter from a young Catholic monk which expressed my feelings about SWAN perfectly. The young monk, "deeply involved and committed to the struggle for the eventual emancipation of gay men and lesbian women" felt that SWAN was a key publication offsetting the prejudice against older members that exists in the gay community. ".....until we embrace ALL members of our community," the monk remarked, "we cannot expect straight society to embrace and accept any of us."

The monk pointed out that SWAN has done a fine job of bringing dignity and care to the older gay person and has integrated well the many needs and interests of the older person, including sexuality. "Your love and care for your reader is very apparent and seeps out in the pages of your publication."

Sharing this perception, I was not surprised when I recently heard from the editors of CHIRON RISING (formerly SWAN), expressing their desire to round out in a fuller way the service they provide for older gay men. I was asked to write a few lines on liberation theology as it applies to gay men. I hope this article will manifest the same love and care for the spiritual well-being of older gays.

I have published two major books dealing with the topic of liberation theology and spirituality for gay men and lesbian women. The first, THE CHURCH AND THE HOMOSEXUAL, published in 1976, twelve years ago, and recently reissued by Beacon Press in a revised and updated version, has been published in five languages. In that book, I sought to refute three traditional stances taken by most Christian churches concerning homosexuality and I proposed three new understandings that I defended with research and scholarship that took over ten years. I opposed, first of all, the view that God intends all humans to be heterosexual, and that homosexuality represents a deviation from God's devine plan--a deviation usually explained in terms of sin or, more recently, in terms of sickness. I argue to the contrary that in all cultures and in every period of history, a certain percentage of men and women develop as gay and lesbian. These individuals should be considered as part of God's creative plan. Their sexual orientation has no necessary connection with sin, sickness, or failure; rather, it is a gift from God to be accepted and lived out with gratitude. God does not despise anything that God has created.

We gay people do not choose our sexual orientation; we discover it as something given. Furthermore, there is no healthy way to reverse or change sexual orientation once it is established. To pray for a change in one's sexual orientation is about as meaningful as to pray for a change in the color of one's eyes. Many churches confine their official ministry to helping gay people live out celibate lives. According to Christian tradition, celibacy is a special gift from God given to a certain few for the sake of service in God's kingdom. The occasional gay man who receives this gift is indeed blessed. But there is no reason to believe that God grants this gift to everyone who is gay. On the contrary, empirical studies have shown that the majority of people, especially lay people who are not called to religious life or the ministry, who attempt to live out a celibate life, end up acting out their sexual needs in compulsive and self-destructive ways. Every human being born into this world has a God-given right to sexual love and intimacy. Anyone or any institution that would deny this right to any individual must prove beyond all doubt the grounds for this denial. The only healthy and holy Christian response to a lesbian or gay orientation is to learn to accept it and live it out in a way that is consonant with Christian values.

The second thesis of THE CHURCH AND THE HOMOSEXUAL was that homosexuals, rather than being a menace to the values of society and the family, as a part of God's creative plan have special gifts and qualities and, if they are allowed to be themselves and live their lives, have a very special contribution to make to the overall well-being of society. My third thesis was that the love that exists between two lesbians or two gay men, assuming that it is a constructive human love, is <u>not</u> sinful, nor does it alienate the lovers from God's plan. On the contrary, it can be a holy love, mediating God's presence in the human community as effectively as heterosexual love.

My three theses were supported by new evidence coming from biblical sholarship and from various empirical studies in the human sciences, especially psychology and sociology, that completely undermine the traditional understanding of homosexuality as a chosen and changeable state. New insights into psychosexual development leave no doubt that one has no choice about sexual orientation and that the only healthy reaction to being lesbian or gay is to accept and live it out. Above all else, there is the evidence that has come from the collective experience of lesbians and gays who, as committed religious persons, are seeking to live their lives in conformity with the spiritual faith and values.

My new book, recently published, TAKING A CHANGE ON GOD: LIBERATING THEOLOGY FOR GAYS AND LESBIANS, THEIR LOVERS, FRIENDS AND FAMILIES, is a much more personal and spiritual book. It is the fruit of ten years of retreats and workshops for gays and lesbians that I have given at Kirkridge and in talks to Dignity, Integrity, Metropolitan Community Church and many other gay religious groups.

The primary thesis of my new book is that anyone who grew up gay and Christian (whether protestant or catholic) has in all probability grown up a profoundly wounded person. Worse than all the external wounds of prejudice and rejection is the internalized homophobia that led some of us at terrible cost to our psychic health to embrace the hatred of our oppressors.

Gay activist groups have fought to free us from the external oppression of unjust laws that denied us our civil rights. Many of us have found some liberation from internalized self-hatred through gay religious groups and gay social organizations. Some of us have been helped to achieve liberation through the support of a positive and gay-affirming psychotherapist.

As a theologian, the most important kind of liberation I am aware of is the need for liberation from pathological religion. By pathological religion I mean religion based on self-hatred and worship of a God of fear. The first and most important step in that liberation is to make a radical distinction between the human church with its homophobia and our own religious faith. As Paul put it in Romans (8:15): "The spirit you received is not the spirit of slaves bringing fear into your lives again; it is the spirit of sons (and daughters) and it makes us cry out, 'Abba!'" (Abba is the child's word for daddy or mommy).

For us gay men and lesbian women there is only one healthy way of belonging to the human church--as a mature,

independent adult who is a critical lover and a loving critic. Uncritical lovers frequently swallow whole the homophobia of the church and see themselves as "sick and sinful" for being what they are. If we accept this judgment on ourselves and also accept that we are born gay--the scientific evidence points in that direction--then we must see the God who created us as defective humans as unworthy of our trust and love. But we read in scripture, "Yes, you love all that exists, you hold nothing of what you have made in abhorrence, for had you hated anything, you would not have formed it." (Wisdom 11: 24).

"Perfect love casts out all fear," Scripture tells us. But the opposite is equally true: perfect fear casts out all love. We need to be liberated from the God of fear in order to be able to experience the God of love. The first step in that liberation is to develop our own personal spiritual life; to learn to accept and love ourselves as gay men and lesbian women and be proud of who we are and see our sexual orientation as a gift of God.

Unloving critics of the church frequently end up rejecting the church totally and along with it all religious faith. In my experience as a psychotherapist, frequently I find that these people have not been freed from destructive belief in a God of fear but have merely repressed it. Consequently, that belief system with its fear and accompanying self-hatred can come back to haunt them with old age or after a brush with death.

The spiritual process of liberation for gay people usually involves developing a spiritual life based in our own experience, and learning to trust what God is saying to us directly in our own lives. One stage in that spiritual process of liberation usually demands getting in touch with all the anger and rage we feel toward the human church, religion in general and even God. We are necessarily angry as long as we feel wounded. We can let go of anger in a healthy way when we have healed all the traumas in our psyche and have developed a healthy self-love.

This is where positive gay religious groups, positive psychotherapy and positive publications such as CHIRON RISING have a role to play. Thanks be to God for CHIRON RISING and all that it has done and will do to help elderly gays achieve a positive and healthy self-acceptance and the ability to enjoy their sexual life as God intended them to do.

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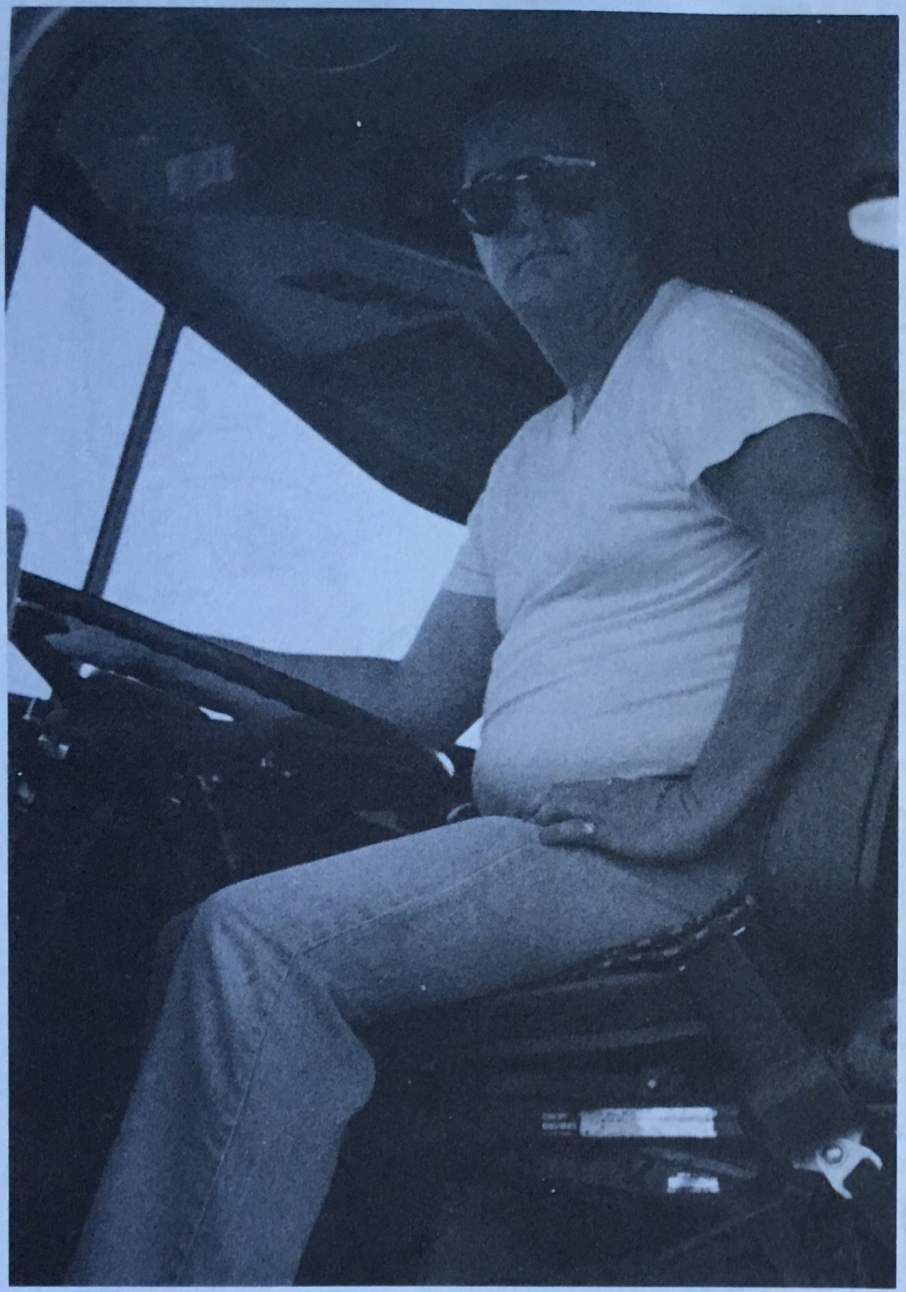


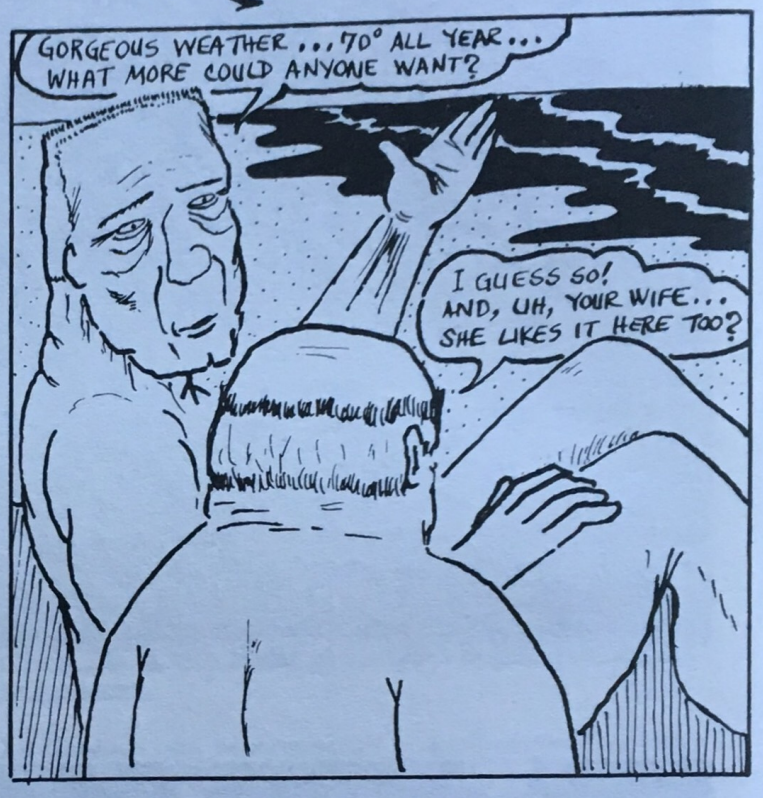
ROADRUNNER TOO.....photo by P.H. Colley

J.D. OF TRASH MAGAZINE.....photo by P. H. Colley

GOLDEN GOODIES

By —QUETZAL—

CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE



WHERE THE HECK YOU BEEN? I BEEN CALLIN' YOUR NAME UP AN' DOWN THIS WHOLE DAMN BEACH!
ALTHOUGH SOME PEOPLE THINK I AM...
9-88 QUETZAL

GOLDEN GOODIES

BY
-QUETZAL-

SHIT! I KNEW WE SHOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE!
I LOOKED EVERYPLACE. THEY LEFT THE PICNIC BASKET, THANK GOD— THE CAR KEYS WERE IN THERE.
BUT OUR MONEY AND PLASTIC...

I KNOW WHERE WE CAN GET SOMETHING TO COVER YOU FELLAS UP!
THANKS, PAL, BUT IT'S MY WALLET I'M WORRIED ABOUT, NOT THE FAMILY JEWELS!
AND ANYWAY ...WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!
9-88 QUETZAL

CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE

PERSONAL ADS

The express purpose of these ads is to aid our subscribers in finding friends and mates. CHIRON RISING takes no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or incident resulting from these ads and urges all our subscribers to use caution and common sense. We will screen all ads and refuse to print any ad which, in our opinion, implies deceipt, fraud or peril. We cannot, however, control or monitor replies to subscribers' ads.

Valid complaints about advertisers who fail to answer replies are compiled and abusers are denied advertising services.

The following are instructions for writing to advertisers with codewords (as well as models, artists and writers):

1. Write, return address, stamp and seal your letter.

2. IN PENCIL, write the Codeword or contributor's (model, artist, writer) name in the CENTER of the envelope.

3. Place your letter (or letters) inside a larger envelope. If you are a subscriber, include NO money. If you are NOT A SUBSCRIBER, include $1 for each letter you want forwarded.

4. Mail to: CHIRON RISING, 4864 Lune #191, Phelan, CA 92371.

NOTE: LETTERS NOT MEETING THE ABOVE SPECIFICATIONS WILL BE DESTROYED OR RETURNED. WE WILL NOT FORWARD AT OUR EXPENSE.

ALABAMA

NATIONWIDE: Want to catch a horney, handsome, GWM, silver fox, 59, 6'-1", 190#? Masculine, outgoing, passionate, professional designer. Like all the arts, gourmet cooking, good wine, videos and a hot sack! Interested in explicit correspondence, phone calls, possible meetings, and even possible future relationship. Want to appreciate the pleasures of this man in high heat? Photo appreciated, will reciprocate. Write: A.H.H., P.O. Box 353, Tuskegee, AL 36083 (H-12/89)

GULF COAST OR ANYWHERE: GWM, 64, 5'-7", 170#, hairy mesomorphic body, seeks friends, possible monogamous relationship with under 55 W/M. Enjoy writing, creative arts, travel, quiet times with masculine men. Want honest, clean, sensitive man who is responsive to our mutual needs. Versatile sex. Person, not sex, is paramount. Photos exchanged. Write: Pettibone, Box U-1148, Mobile, AL 36688. (P-4/89)

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

THE RED BARON of SWAN's video, CENTAUR SIX, wants to meet you. Let's compare our assets. All ages adored. If you didn't see my performance in CENTAUR SIX, I am 56, stocky, red headed and hot as a pistol. Photo and phone will be appreciated. Write to: WHIPPOORWILL (W-6/89)

MONTEREY PENINSULA/NATIONWIDE: Big, tall, silver-headed GW Daddy seeks son/chaser. ME: 325#, 6'-2", hairy, 49, salt/pepper hair, cropped beard, romantic, cuddler, enjoy arts, travelling, normal/safe sex. YOU: slim to hunky build, 25-40; what is in the heart and a good smile are important; non-drugs/smoker; photo with first letter or call (408) 758-2624 (no collects), T. Lane, 704 Ambrose Drive, Salinas, CA 93901. (T-8/89)

SAN FRANCISCO: Quiet, affectionate, GWM, 72, 5'-8", 160#, masculine, white hair, moustache. Would like to meet guys 40-60 for friendship and more. I am A/P French, 69. No kinky stuff or drugs. Like to watch Porno movies. Love to travel. Your nude photo gets mine. Write: YELLOWTHROAT. (Y10/89)

EXOTIC GEM IN SAN FRANCISCO: 40, 5'-5", 160#, 7" uncut from India. Like movies, some opera, theatre, soft music, football and tennis. I'm successfully self employed, very considerate, clean, articulate, versatile (like 69 and A/P French), caring, loving; and wish to find a senior who is short/stocky, tall/hunky or big/broad--someone like EX-LOGGER, BUTCH or SPITFIRE. Write: Nari, P.O. Box 27182, San Francisco, CA 94127, or phone (415) 585-6585. (M-12/89)

BAY AREA/WORLDWIDE: W/M, 37, well traveled/educated, Middle East origin, enjoys: literature, opera, movies, wine, food. Seeks clean shaven, distinguished (white hair?) man, 60-75. Write (with photo, please): Tongal, P.O. Box 883732, San Francisco, CA 94188. (N-6/89)

BAY AREA: GWM, 65, 5'-7", 148#, would like sincere, affectionate male about 25-45 for pleasant, mellow times. Other things will fall in place with right person. Write to: SEAWORTHY. (M-4/89)

AM I A ROB DADEO LOOKALIKE? Pat and The Friar think so. Attractive, active, healthy, sexy, masculine man's man, 63, looking for younger version (25 to 40) for one to one relationship. I am 5'-9", 195#, blond/grey-hazel, well built and cut. Enjoy sight seeing, swimming, dining out and more. Your letter and pic gets mine. Write: L. House, 938 H Kiely, Santa Clara, CA 95051. (H-4/89)

BAY AREA: W/M, 35, 5'-9", 185#, stocky, brown/blue, masculine, clean shaven, independent, good-humoured, adventurous, seeks self-respecting, clean-shaven, masculine gentlemen over 45 for companionship/good times. Overweight o.k. Photo/all replies answered. Write: Gene Harrison, P.O. Box 2274, Fremont, CA 94536. (N-6/89)

BAY AREA-NORTHERN CALIFRONIA: 48, W/M, professional Latin lover. Honest, sincere, romantic, cuddler. Hot and horny. Seeks oral experts to drain me dry and some more. Welcome all response. Write to: SWEET LOU. (U-4/89)

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA-NATIONWIDE: GWM, 48, 5'-11", 160#, hairy, looking for men, 55+. Prefer tall, wirey, slender and masculine. Honesty and sincerity important. Enjoy camping, boating, hiking and gardening. Please respond with photo. Will answer all. Write: BLUEJAY. (C-4/89)

SAN FRANCISCO: GWM, 47, 5'-8", 165#, 6" L X 5-1/4" D cut, hazel/brown (balding, greying), stocky, work-muscular body, 24" thighs, 18" calves. Mainly Fr/P, like long sessions. Honest, prefer same, also beards, brains, older. Rich (415) 771-6018, Monday (day off) through Thursday ONLY. (M-4/89)

S.F. BAY AREA: W/M, 43, 5'-11", 200#, healthy, hairy, uncut, beefy Italian, with trim beard and moustache, masculine, sincere and romantic. Loves lots of cuddling and hot safe Gr and Fr action. Seeks hairy, masculine, chubby, mature guy for fun, friendship and possible relationship. Send photo and phone # to: Tom Ribaudo, 808 Post St. #716, San Francisco, CA 94109. (R-6/89)

CREAM, NO SUGAR: Mechanically inclined "Mr. Fixit" type desires Black or Asiatic friend with similar talents for companion/protege/lover. Should be down-to-earth, honest, talented, able to appreciate finer things of life and should be seeking amiable, mature (53) gentleman for an equal partner in long-term relationsip. You should not be the prettiest guy in town, because I'm not either and because I'm fed up with self-centered brats looking for sugar-daddies and freebies. Preference given to small stature and wiry build. SF Area please, or willing to relocate if old-fashioned courtship brings us together. Write: FIXIT. (T-6/89)

EVERYDAY PEOPLE: Professional GWM, 35, 5'-11", 150#, traveler, hungry for sexy intelligent men in their 50's and older. A photo w/letter is a task, but the reward is immeasurable! Write: R.G.R., P.O. Box 460273, San Francisco, CA 94146. (R-4/89)

LET MY FINGERS DO THE WALKING: Let this 52 year old GWM massage your hard, throbbing muscles--no muscle, crack, crevice or bulge left unattended. Prefer BIG men with BIG uncut muscles. Like to video the action for instant replay. Photo and phone. Prefer more masculine and drug free. Write: J.R.C., P.O. Box 895, Vallejo, CA 94590. (C-6/89)

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

BAKERSFIELD/CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: G/W, younger man seeks older cowboy, 50 years +. Me: 26, 5'-11", 195#, br/br, clean cut, straight acting, muscular, level headed/quiet mannered, honest, sincere, loving, cut, "bottom," Fr A/P, Gr P, into oil/cattle/horse industries. Searching for perfect friendship/relationship. Prefer a man: with same/similar qualities/interests, bigger, strong, verile, active, healthy, handsome, "top." Picture please, will answer all. Sincere only, please. Prefer western states. Write: David, Rt. 4, Box 30731, Sidding Rd., Bakersfield, CA 93308. (C-6/89)

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA, GWM, 59, 5'-11", 199#: Husky, Bn/Bn, moustache, intelligent, loyal, masculine. Interests: photography, astrology, video, safe sex, quiet evenings at home and travel. Wants country gentleman as companion, friend, buddy over 45. Financially secure, stable, nondrinker, nonsmoker, clean shaven non-hairy Nudist/Exhibitionist, into body hair removal, tit play. Only letters with photo and birth date answered. Write: Rick, P.O. Box 1149, Hanford, CA 93232. (F-6/89)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

SANTA BARBARA AND VENTURA: W/M, 72 years old, physically and sexually active, 5'-8", 160 #, A-P/Fr, P/Gr, very affectionate. Seeks contact with one guy or a couple for fun and games. Write: Yankee Doodle, P.O. Box 123, Oak View, CA 93022 (H01-6/89)

I'VE GOT BALLS! 63 year old, hairy hunk, 6', 185#, salt and pepper hair, brown eyes, well hung, clean shaven, seeks eager oral experts to drain me dry and then some. Any age or race is fine. I have no top/bottom hangups but I'll respect yours. Southern California preferred but will answer all. Write: K.S.S., P.O. Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769. (S02-10/89)

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY/BURBANK ROMANTIC: Mostly top seeks passive over 40. I am 57, 6 ft., 210#, 6-3/4" curved and cut, stocky, strong, hairy, mustachioed. Prefer hairy, under 6 ft., under 7" and in working condition, but all considered, any weight any size. Foto appreciated. A/P French, A Greek. Heavy into kissing, cuddling and romance. Aggressive but gentle. Enjoy fone J/O and in person contact. Write: L.O., P.O. Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510. Fone number would be a bonus. (M-12/89)

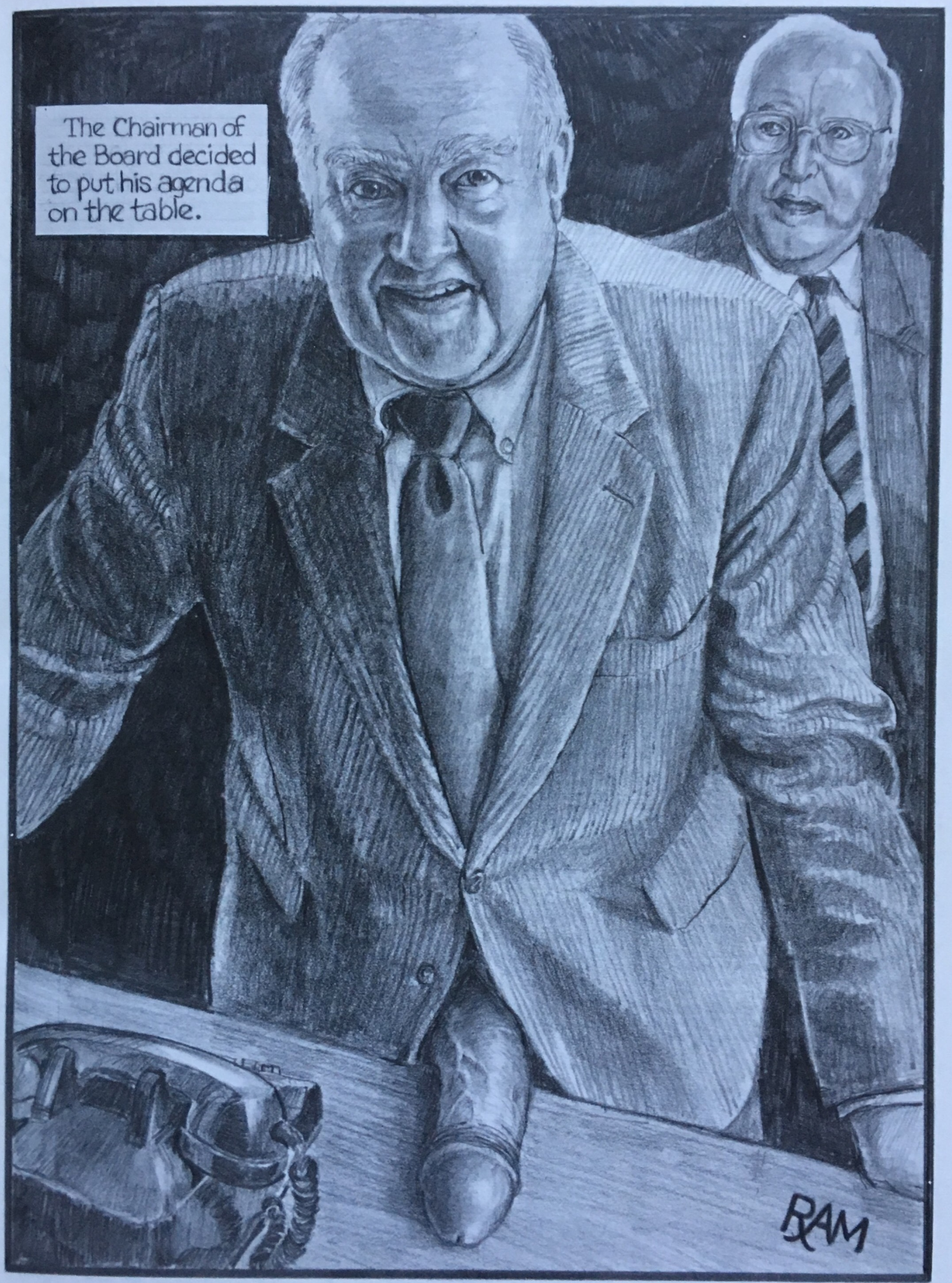
LOS ANGELES: Masculine, white, monogamous minded, professional, 64, 5'-10", 162#, hairy body, average hung with bull's balls, cut, HIV-Neg, salt and pepper with beard, non-smoker, seldom drinker, nudist. Incredible masseur. Love intimate, active life with right person. Seeking younger son-lover, HIV-Neg, to share life. All races okay. Asians, Latins, Blacks are a plus. Please be stable, loving, sincere. Your nude photo, phone get mine. Serious replies to Gene, P.O. Box 74150, Los Angeles, CA 90052. (W-4/89)

LONG BEACH: GWM, 54, 5'-9", 172#, 7" cut, masculine, hairy, sincere, HIV negative, semi-retired, would like to meet GWM for friend, relationship, sex. Seeking 25-70, any race or creed. Swap photos. Let's get together. All answered. Write: TANAGER (T-2/89)

LONG BEACH/ORANGE COUNTY: GWM, 37, 5'-9", 185#, husky, short beard, masculine, sexy, healthy, very well built and adventuresome. Looking for a husky/stocky, older man with a good personality, who is honest, masculine and available. Dentures and good sense of humor are definite plusses. Your photo gets mine. Write: MARABOU (M-4/89)

WANTED: 18 TO 25: Hispanic/Oriental male around 150/160 pounds and slight build to love and cuddle with me. Needed to make my house a home again. Lost my lover of 15 years about a year ago. You must be willing to relocate to the high desert of CA and work a little. Smoking and a little acohol tolerated. After all, no one is perfect except me. Just kidding. Oh yes, I'm 60ish, gay, white and 175#. Have good head of hair and have all my own teeth. My partial is all payed for. All letters with pic and phone number get answered with mine. Write: Wes, P.O. Box 1268, Joshua Tree, CA 92252. (619) 366-3312. P.S. My March and August AIDS tests were negative. Long week or weekend trial periods welcome. (S-4/89)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SWAN MODEL: GWM, 57, 6'-2", 225#, rugged, muscular, average endowment, partially bald with grey fringe, moderately hairy, non-smoking, light drinker, versatile/sane sex, good imagination, considerate, understanding. Love touching, massaging, walking, bicycling, wrestling.....caring. Looking for mature, masculine, stable, considerate, understanding man, any race. Your photo gets mine. Write: ZORRO.


The Chairman of the Board decided to put his agenda on the table.
RAM

(K-10/89)

COACH-DAD'S GUY: 38, 6', 185, hairy, 7" cut, former Marine and high school coach. This guy enjoys athletic/military type men, 50+. Pipe, cigars, tatooed and hairy, extra turn on. Pick up your clipboard and drop the coach your game plan. Write: Coach, 3208 Cahuenga Blvd., West #8, Los Angeles, CA 90048. (M-2/90)

SHORT STOCKY MAN SEEKS BIG MAN: GWM, 45, 5'-7", 230#, brown beard/moustache, masculine, goodlooking, fun loving. Seeks eligible big bear, 45 to ?. Must have pleasant disposition and like to laugh. Photo appreciated. Will reciprocate. Write: URSUS MINOR (S-6/89)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Short built white male, 53, 5'-6", 140# (pass for mid 40's), Great Outdoors person, Viking, gym, classic autos. Not into smoke, drink, drugs. Am into those who are straight acting and looking and shy away from gay scene. Seeking similar in build and interests. Write: D.W., P.O. Box 15832, San Diego, CA 92175. (W-4/89)

CALIFORNIA--ESP. ORANGE/SAN DIEGO COUNTIES: Relationship orientated GWM, 62, 5'-10", 170#, blue/blond-grey, husky outdoor/homebody. Love sailing, fishing and the arts. I'm masculine, sexually versatile, romantic as hell, HIV negative. Looking for similar type, 40-65+. Would relocate for right person. Your photo gets mine. Write: L. Stephens, 16802 Lynn St. #3, Huntington Beach, CA 92649. (S-10/89)

PALM SPRINGS AREA: GWM, youthful 63, retired, 5'-11", 195#, 7" cut, seeks HIV negative, compatible other for monogamous relationship, French A/P. My photo for yours. Write: SIMPATICO (F-4/89)

ATTRACTIVE GAY COUPLE: Bottom: Latino, 46, 5'-10", 190#, grey hair, moustache, Gr P, Fr A. Top: white, 54, 6'-5", 200#, balding, red beard, Gr A/P, Fr A/P. Interested in meeting similar, mature, stimulating couple or singles. Primary objective is socialization and friendship. Interests: cooking, art, opera, travel, theatre, home videos and gay sex. Secondary objective: explore possibilities of exclusive non threatening 4 ways or swapping with another HIV negative, primarily monogamous couple for variety and pleasure. Goal: to widen social circle and have more fun in 89. All correspondence and photos welcomed. Write: R/E (G-4/89)

TO HUSKY/STOCKY W/M: I am a discreet, wholesome type Asian-American. Seek 40-60 year old, masculine, preferably hairy and endowed. I'm young appearing 40, 5'-6", 150#, smooth-bod, ex-U.S. Navy. Call: Mike, (213) 739-8616. (N-8/89)

SENIOR WANTS YOUNGER STUD: for love and sex. Should be hung and uncut and manly. I'm late sixties, 5'-8", 155#, 6" cut. Your foto gets mine. Then let's get together and do it. Write: Joe, 4391 Sunset Blvd. #437, Los Angeles, CA 90029. (M-4/89)

B/M SEEKING LIVE-IN RELATIONSHIP: B/M, 32, 5'-7", 160#, seeking live-in relationship with W/M, 50+, stocky and clean shaven. Write: Richie, P.O. Box 903, Duarte, CA 91016-4903. (P-8/89)

HIGH DESERT GWM, 35: 5'-11", 180#, hairy, uncut, would like to meet others. Prefer over 40 for friendship and to share interest in such things as gardening, art, music, nature. Write: Thomas, P.O. Box 728, Victorville, CA 92393. (H-4/89)

HIGH DESERT/PALM SPRINGS: Mid sixties, 5'-9", 200#, silver hair, very healthy. Enjoy literature, theatre, classical music and the outdoors. Seek similar or older friend, companion, helper for business. Write: DESERT OWL (S-6/89)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: 50, 6'-3", 210#, blue eyes, brown/grey hair, hairy chest, masculine, A/P French, A/ Greek, discreet. Would like to meet, correspond, exchange photos with medium to husky built men, 45-70. Interests include: sports, movies, music, travel and photography. Travel a great deal on business, so possible to meet near you. Photo appreciated. Hairy chest preferred but not necessary. Write: MANZANITA. (M-6/89)

WORLD-CLASS COCKSUCKER WANTS YOU: I would like to meet a few seniors in the local L.A., S.F.V., S.G.V. areas who enjoy receiving regular weekly blow job. I am GWM, late forties, chubby, clean, healthy and loving. I seek senior men for weekday (only) French fun. Reciprocation not necessary. Especially turned on by any or all of the following: Grey/white hair, bald, husky, stocky, hairy, uncut. But am open to all clean, healthy, sober men, age 50 or over. I have no height, weight, race, cock-size hang-ups. A true equal opportunity cocksucker. Am very discreet, expect same. Will answer all who send letter with photo/phone. Nude photo not necessary. No photo, no reply. Be open, honest about yourself and your needs and state best time to call you weekdays. Answer now. This is my only ad. Write: WATERBABY. (M-4/89)

LOS ANGELES/ORANGE COUNTIES: GWM, 54, 230#, non-fem, average looks, HIV negative, non-smoker, affectionate, seeks relationship. Will consider any age but not sure if I can get sexual enough with someone over 40, as it would be a first. I'm really attracted, though, to all age groups. Write: S.M., 3091 N. Bristol St. #003, Santa Ana, CA 92706. (M-4/89)

COLORADO

BOULDER DAD WANTS SON: GWM, professional, 66, 5'-11", 185#, blond/grey hair, blue eyes, medium hairy, uncut, educated, gentle, caring, honest, responsible, straight appearing, inter personal growth, loves buns, frottage. Wants son: 21-35, lover, friend, escort. Prefer trim, no drugs, penpals nationwide. Photo appreciated. Write: Leo, P.O. Box 539, Boulder, CO 80306. (P-2/90)

DAD SEEKS SON: GWM, mid-50's, healthy professional, balding gray, 5'-8", thick 7" uncut, looking for self sufficient, sincere, masculine younger man who wants the guidance and affection an older man can provide. Dentures and interest in music and cooking a plus. Sense of humor a must. Smoking, alcohol and some kink okay. Looking for possible relationship, not a pen pal. Photo appreciated. Write: Bob, 4 Studio Pl., Colorado Springs, CO 80904 or call (719) 632-8909. (J-8/89)

CONNECTICUT

HARTFORD, CT./SPRINGFIELD, MA.: GWM, horny, masculine, retired 60 year old, blue eyes, grey wavy hair, 5'-7", 160#, cut 5-1/2". Enjoy lots of foreplay and giving loads of pleasure to partner. I like Gr/P with condom--the bigger the better. Like to give and receive French. Seek only masculine, white and trim. Write: Don, P.O. Box 846, Enfield, CT 06082. (V-4/89)

EASTERN CONNECTICUT COUNTRY MAN! Professional GWM, 50's, sensitive, creative, masculine, intelligent, easy-going, caring, stable. I enjoy a good conversation and quiet evenings by the fire. I live in the country and find nature fascinating. I like classical and folk music, films, hiking, day trips and travel, fine arts, cooking and more to be discovered by the right person with time. I'm looking for a stable monogamous relationship (age 40-60). I'm considered to look like Kenny Rogers, 6'-1", 220#, brown eyes, beard, grey hair. I would like to correspond by mail initially and exchange photos. Write: HONEYEATER. (P-4/89)

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

LET'S GET TOGETHER: Me: GWM, 56, 5'-10", 200#, Fr A/ Gr P. You: Intelligent, humorous, literate, looking for friendship or more. Write: BRAVISSIMO.(D-10/89)

FLORIDA

CENTRAL FLORIDA-U.S. 27/441: Couple, 66, 6'-1",155# and 64, 5'-7", 140#. Singles or couples 35+ for friendship and/or sex on a one to one basis welcome to our home located 8 miles north of Leesburg, 23 miles south of Ocala. No drugs, S & M, freeloaders or collect calls. Write: Jim, P.O. Box 602, Lady Lake, FL 32659. Phone: (904) 753-2857. (B09-4/90)

CENTRAL FLORIDA: Masculine, GWM, 58, 6',150#, grey/blnd, clean shaven. Do not drink or use drugs of any kind. Extremely oral. Worship cock, balls and ass. Compatible 3 ways OK. Professional. Discreet. Clean and healthy. Come visit for fun and great sex. Race and cock size unimportant. Write: M. Wood, 2681 E. Washington #10, Eustis, FL 32726. (904) 589-6975. (W18-4/89)

STILL SEARCHING: for SERGEANT SAVAGE. Should be at least 225# and very hairy. To me, age is a state of mind. I'm 39, 5'-11", 185#, redhead. Looking for safe-sex only. Write with photo to D.M., P.O. Box 76102, St. Petersburg, FL 33734. Also looking for any 1986 issues of SWAN. Write: MIMUS (M-8/89)

PERMANENT RELATIONSHIP ONLY: GWM, 35, 5'-7", 210, wants to give masculine man-- retired, military, disabled veteran or 65 years above--all my T.L.C. Looks unimportant. Lover and I broke up after 12 years in 1986. I'm passive G/F, a nurse, HIV Negative, large tits, short full beard, hairy chest, quiet, somewhat shy, financially secure, expect same. I want to love and be loved by caring, serious, generous gent, to relocate here. I need you, want you and will care for you always. Ed Moore, 1423 Umbrella Tree, Edgewater, FL 32032. (904) 426-0203 (No Collect, please).(M-8/89)

FLORIDA GULF COAST CHUBBY CHASER: 46, 5'-10", 160#, looking for older, stocky, clean-shaven, masculine guy. I like sports, movies, reading, travel. Appreciate photo with letter. Write: THUMPER (H-6/89)

SOUTHWEST FLORIDA MUSICIAN: 62, seeks responsible, sane mate, 30's to 50's. Smoker, social drinker fine. Be active/passive French and very active Greek. Hung and hairy, not overweight are plusses. Honesty and fidelity are musts. No drugs. I am heavy set. Write: G.A., 1209 N. Tamiami Tr. #89, Ft. Myers, FL 33903. (A-8/89)

AID/COMPANION DRIVER: for handicapped GWM, 62, grey hair/hazel eyes, 170#, 5'-10", son-lover relationship preferred. Secure future for caring person. Live in Mexico and Florida. "Can we talk?" Send phone number and photo to 4950 Emerson Avenue, So., St. Petersburg, FL 33707. (S-4/89)

FT. LAUDERDALE NICE GUY: GWM, 38, 161#, 6'-1", brown hair, blue eyes. Nice smooth body, great skin, 9-1/2 inch big cock. Very friendly individual with great house in Ft. Lauderdale. Looking for nice guys 40 to 80, both visitors and permanents. Have hot videos, just lay back and enjoy. Like hairy, heavy, stocky t;ypes, but not necessity. Like to spank you lightly for fun. And leather and lite bondage are fun, but not necessity. Love 69 and G/A. All great SILVER CENTAURS please write and send photo. I will do same. Write: REDDY. (H-8/89)

GEORGIA

ATLANTA: GWM, 44, 5'-11", 170#, non smoker, quiet, loving, love to travel, snow ski, dining out. Could relocate (especially California). Seeking 50+, heavy set, straight acting person for traveling companion or permanent relationship. Appreciate photo with letter. Write: MURRELET. (M25-4/89)

SEEKS YOUNGER MEN: GWM, 58, turning 59, 5'-7", 220#, grey, chubby, hairy, sincere and loveable, would like to meet affectionate men under 30 years old, good build, all races. I travel extensively. Send photo. Write: F.P.S., 315 N. Tibbs Road, Dalton, GA 30720. (S-8/89)

ATLANTA: W/M, 47, 6'-2", 215#, grey/brown hair, blue eyes, masculine, sincere, discreet. Like music, travel, quiet times, cooking and all the things there are to enjoy in life. I would like to meet a more mature, stocky, person, any location worldwide. Photo, if possible. Write: OSPREY. (P-4/89)

ATLANTA AREA: W/M, 5'-11", 180#, 71, widower, extravert, musical, artistic, traveler. Like 35-65 age, masculine, physically fit, not fat, non smoker, no drugs, enjoys sensuous safe sex, light or non drinker, photo exchange. Write: PHIL (R-4/89)

WELL HUNG TOP MALE, 28 TO 45 YEARS OLD WANTED: by GWM, 58, 5'-10", bearded and hairy, uncut, 155#, looking for aggressive male who is lean or well built, 28-45, who is not into drugs or the bar scene. Sincere men interested can write with photo to Jim Robert, 201 Glenleaf Drive, Norcross, GA 30092 or call after 10:30 pm (404) 446-0305. (R-4/89)

ATLANTA GWM, 5'-11", 180#: I am 56, divorced, semi-retired, interested in a monogamous, permanent relationship. I am warm, loving, affectionate and sensitive. I enjoy travel, theater, eating out and quiet evenings at home. You are 40+ with similar qualities and interest. Plusses are tall, gray, professional, but not absolutely necessary. Honesty and sincerity are of the greatest importance. Write: J.L., P.O. Box 11923, Atlanta, GA 30355. (L-6/89)

HAWAII

HAWAII--ESP. HONOLULU: GWM, 63, 5'-9", 170#, brown, blue. Interests: Music, reading, beach. Looking for well endowed man who is Fr P/Gr A with large breasts, any race, 55 to 70. Send Photo. All answered. Write: Cliff, 400 Hobron Lane #3208, Honolulu, HI 96815. (H-4/89)

ILLINOIS

CHICAGO AREA: GWM Engineer, 60, 6'-1 1/2", 200# wants any age, 220# plus, strong, heavyset playmate bottom to horseplay, carry me piggyback, mutually pump iron, Nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, cuddle, safe sex, etc. with me. Write: John Lange, P.O. Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160. (L03-4/89)

BIG BELLIED MEN: White male, 46, 5'-8", 140#, 6" cut, blue eyes, muscular, would like to hear from men over 250#. I particularly like big bellies! Drop me a line and let's see what we have in common. If you send a photo, I will reciprocate. Write: J.N.O., 2238 N. Lakewood, Chicago, IL 60614. (O-4/89)

CHICAGO DAD SEEKS SON: GWM, 54, 5'-10", 155#, greying, moustache, professional, seeks son/lover relationship. No drugs, non-smoker preferred--self-supporting, to share bed with right person, cuddle, safe sex, J/O, video, travel. All races okay, Blacks a plus. Sincere only. Send photo, phone number to: EAGLE. (P-6/89)

MIDWEST: Sincere, GWM, 60, 5'-8", 200#, financially secure, educated, gentle, loving, blond, blue eyes and handsome, seeks responsible, productive, young, smooth son to love and to hold for relationship or penpal. No smoking, alcohol or drugs. Photo a must. Will return. Write: JODA. (R-4/89)

CHICAGO/NATIONWIDE BEAR SEEKS SAME: Big, bearded, super hairy, 40 year old GWM with burly chest and big belly, seeks nurturing, bearded, hairy men for love and sex! Tits, hot kissing, oral sex all hot! I'm 6'-3", 320# of intelligence, humor and fun. Older men have lived long enough to learn to hold and commit and love. I'm actively seeking a relationship with a warm bear who can handle my size! Humor and a strong gay sensibility a must! I have a great deal to give to the right man and mutual relationship. Write: M. Hildebrand, 5060 N. Marine Dr. #4D, Chicago, IL 60640, or call (312) 561-2651. (H-6/89)

NORTHEASTERN ILLINOIS AREA: GWM, 45, 5'-8", 150#. Attractive, intelligent, free, sensitive, witty, warm, enjoys finer things in life. Looking for same in older gentleman, average to heavy-set, sincere, open. Write: LAPWING III (J-6/89)

KENTUCKY

CALLING ALL COCKSUCKERS--YOUNG AND OLD: GWM, 70, 5'-11", 160#, 6" cut, looking for kindred spirits (and bodies). I like cock, kissing, cuddling, affection in and out of bed. Can travel to meet you. Write: Jim Wilson, P.O. Box 1767, Lexington, KY 40501. (W13-4/89)

TURKEY CREEK: W/M age 57, 5'-8", 200#, full head of dark brown hair, blue eyes, legally blind, read with magnifier. I type my letters, looking for pen pals open minded enough to write handicapped men. Write: Hugh Hampton, Rt. 61, Box 90, Turkey Creek, KY 41570. (H-8/89)

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE: 66 year old, retired artist, 5'-6", 160#, mostly gray hair and beard. Hairy body, horny bisexual. Love passive French, also I'll reciprocate with J/O and mouth/tit work. Looking for more friends in area, not just sex. Affectionate. Interests: Art, music, pets, gardening, astrology. Write: SKUA (S-4/90)

LOOKING FOR CUDDLY, LOVING CHUB/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 43, 175#, 5'-8", dark brown hair/hazel eyes, caring, affectionate professional living alone on Chesapeake Bay. Am seeking to meet GWM chubbies, 45-75, for friendship and possible relationship. Hairy, big tits, big buns, big belly and good personality are all a plus. Can travel and/or entertain. Exchange photos and phone. Write: GHOSTJUMPER (S-4/89)

BALTIMORE/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 35, 5'-8", 175#, Brown/Blue. Too young to be a Swannie, so I have to settle for being a Swanette. I travel all over the country on business, and am looking for pen pals both at home and away. Especially like MEN over 50, with gray/white/balding, facial hair, hairy bodies; and a preference for medium to heavy builds. Interests include classical music, reading, photography and bicycling. I know you're out there, why not write? Write: Richard, P.O. Box 7446, Baltimore, MD 21227. (S-6/89)

COCKEYSVILLE: GWM, 34, 6'-0", 250 (and losing), blond/blue, professional, straight looking and acting. I have always looked and felt older. I have always been attracted to men 45-65+ (any race), not as father images, but for friendship. My previous ad brought responses that could have led to long distance relationships--which can be good--but I'm looking for a good friend I can drive to within 3 hours. The closer you live to the Baltimore/Cockeysville area, the better. My interests include the outdoors, movies, country drives, pets, SCUBA diving, and yes, church activities. I'm a devout Lutheran who believes you can be Gay AND Christian. Sorry, but I don't like mind game players, heavy drinkers, drug abusers or dishonesty. Prefer more masculine. There is more to a relationship than sex, but I do like French A/P and Greek Passive, all safe of course. Write: Mike, P.O. Box 16, Cockeysville, MD 21030. (T-4/89)

MARYLAND GWM, 64 YEARS OLD, 5'-6", 195#: partly bald, retired railroad man (retired conductor), likes to meet males, 55 to 90, heavy set/fat. Endowment unimportant, affectionate companionship is. I'm A/P French, love to cuddle, embrace and need lots of lovin. Love to be loved all over. Take a social drink. It isn't always the size of it-- it's what it's hanging from that counts. Write: H.C.H., 105 Greene St., Cumberland, MD 21502, or call (301) 777-2758 (H-4/89)

MASSACHUSETTS

PROVINCETOWN: Anybody out there who would like to exchange nude photos and correspondence, for safe fun, with a GWM, who is 40 years old, 5'-8", 150#, 7" cut, brown eyes, average good looks and balding? I'm turned on to mature men, both in mind and body. Age, weight, looks unimportant. Your nude photo gets mine. I'm honest and discreet. Please reply with photo to: Vince, P.O. Box 1382, Provincetown, MA 02657. (Q01-4/89)

BOSTON: GWM, 39, 5'-9", 170#, seeks older man over 40 and up. An older male is like a rare wine. I am discreet, affectionate, easy to get along with, and my motto is "I aim to please." Looks unimportant -- character is. Enjoy everything with compatible companion. French A/P, Greek/P. All replies answered. Include phone number. Write: R.S., P.O. Box 936, PRU Branch, Boston, MA 02199. (S-6/89)

MASS/USA: GWM, 64, 5'-7", 145#, blue eyes, gray/brown hair, healthy, active, ex-Navy, travel widely on job. Enjoy massage, body contact, J/O, French, but open to suggestions. Looking for similar, 40+. Let's correspond, exchange nude photos, possibly meet for fun, nudity and male sex. Write: A.F., D.M.D #157, 310 Franklin St., Boston, MA 02110. (F-6/89)

NEW ENGLAND YOUNGSTER: 26, wants you. Seeks partners, penpals or phonecallers. Prefers hairy, BIG, sexy men, 40's to ? for safe, intimate play. Uncut, tattoos, bellies a plus. Photos appreciated. Write: D.N.D., 1440 Beacon #813, Brookline, MA 02146. (D-10/89)

MICHIGAN

LIKES BIG BUNS: WM, 27, 5'-7", 150#, 6" cut very thick, brown hair/eyes, mustache, hairy body, masculine, straight acting, very affectionate. Seeks older man, 55 to 75 and over 230# for friendship and good sex. Prefer grandpa type, white or grey hair, balding, hairy bodies, under 5'-8", with-- most of all--a big set of buns. Please send photo. Write: M.G.S., P.O. Box 9312, Livonia, MI 48150. (S-10/89)

SLIGHTLY IMMATURE OLDER GWM: Needs a fairly younger GM for balance. Write: H.M.S., P.O. Box 82, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48303. (S-4/89)

WEEKEND LOVER: Slim, GWM, 54, 5'-8", 150#, wants fat lover over 300 #, age doesn't matter, but the older the better. Love cuddling, massage and 69. Send letter and nude photo. Write: J.B., 7843 Cty 426, Gladstone, MI 49837. (B-4/89)

CENTRAL MICHIGAN GWM, 50 YEARS OLD: Wanted: Someone in the Grand Rapids, Lansing, Detroit area who would like to go to the theatre, opera, ballet. Friendship first; other opportunities may develop as mutually desired. Younger man preferred, but all ages considered. Write: L.B., Box 48, Mt. Pleasant, MI 48804-0048. (B-2/90)

MICHIGAN/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 61, 5'-10", 165#, healthy professional, seeks friends, penpals and eventually a relationship. Like to cuddle, kiss, Fr A/P. Varied interests. Prefer less heavy, more masculine and those not incarcerated. Photo appreciated. Write: Jack, P.O. Box 11, Carrollton, MI 48724. (Q-6/89)

DESPERATELY SEEKING! YOU? Older dude sought to share life and my home. Partial support possible. Write: Gordon Snow, 527 Hutchinson, Kalamazoo, MI 49008, or call (616) 343-4150. (S-6/89)

MINNESOTA

MINNESOTA-ANYWHERE: 40, 6'-2", 190lbs, longish brown hair, 8" cut/thick, very goodlooking, masculine, friendly. Into J/O, nudism, nude photography, active/passive French, 69, mutual showering, massage. No Greek. Seeks stable, in shape, genuinely masculine one or more guys for friendship and safe fun. I'm intelligent, down to earth with many interests and open to ideas. Penpals okay. Write: PUMA (P-4/89)

NATIONWIDE: Oriental, 32, 6'-0", 175#, Engineer, looking for companionship with someone who has Archie Bunker's face and body. Please write to Wayne, P.O. Box 8023, St. Paul, MN 55108. (W-12/89)

MINNEAPOLIS TLC GWM: into cuddling, kissing, stroking, affection, playing, 50/50 top/bottom, 5'-8", 135#, some hair, mustache, retired, smoke, drink. Enjoys music, theatre, dancing, shopping, clothes, travel, cooking, walking, swimming, fun! Seeks joyous tender living and loving relationship. Letter, photo please. Write: ANSON. (H-4/89)

LOOKING FOR 6" ++: Young man, 60 years old in March, wishes correspondence and photo exchange, meetings in MPLS area, for French, J/O, photography sessions, nudism and just being friends. Have 7 nice and thick inches. Write (with photo?) to: Don Lindeberg, 1212 S. 9th St., Apt. 1207, Minneapolis, MN 55404. (L-6/89)

SEEKING WITTY, MASCULINE, GENTLEMAN COMPANION: I like Brahms, grey hair, Robertson Davies, redwood trees, boxer shorts, Paris, irony, Walt Whitman, beaches, blue jeans, Bach, photography, mountains, George Shearing, The Great Wall, Frederick Remington, lakes, Frank Lloyd Wright, conversation around the campfire and tender intimacy. I'm 41, 6', 165#, smart, funny, adventurous, employed, masculine and looking for a friend and companion with similar interests, a broad view and sense of humor. Write: LOON II (W-6/89)

MISSISSIPPI

JACKSON, MS AREA OR VISITORS TO AREA: GWM, 50's, 200#, 5'-11", brown/grey hair, blue/grey eyes, 6" cut, seeking hefty, hairy top man, 50+, who can give it long and hard. I like almost all music, do not drink, do smoke, not into B & D or S & M. Am affectionate in and out of bed. Relationship oriented. Write: S. Swanner, 4844 Windemere Terr., Jackson, MS 39206. (T-4/89)

NATIONWIDE ACTIVE FR/GR: Masculine GWM, 35, 6', 185#, brown hair and eyes, well built, well hung. Interested in letters and phone calls from men over 55 who are clean shaven. Answer all with phone number and photo. Prefer nude. Write: TIGER. (P-6/89)

IS THAT ANOTHER UNSOLICITED, 15 POUND SUBMISSION THAT NEEDS EDITING?

MISSOURI

MISSOURI/NATIONWIDE: W/M, 31, brown hair/blue eyes, 5'-11", 230#, ex-pro athlete, seeks older man for friend/companion or possible relationship. Prefer balding, overweight (George Schultz type) fellow who is down to earth and kind. No drugs or kinky stuff. Photo appreciated. Write: MAC, P.O. BOX 19871, St. Louis, MO 63144. (M-4/89)

MONTANA

NORTHWESTERN MONTANA/WORLDWIDE: GWM, hairy, horny topman, 59, 5'-11", 185#, affectionate, clean, cut 6 inches. No SM, drugs or collect calls. Seeking masculine, passive man. I am French A/P. Write: Jack Knapp, P.O. Box 265, Ronan, MT 59864, or call (406) 676-0561. (K-6/89)

NEVADA

LAS VEGAS/NATIONWIDE: Recently retired GWM, 58, 5'-8", 180#. Have brown eyes and brown hair with some grey in it. Wish to hear from hot pen pals. Like to exchange photos, but will answer all. Write: T.H., 4505 East Desert Inn #84, Las Vegas, NV 89121. (H-4/89)

NORTHERN NEVADA/NATIONWIDE: Retired, GWM, 58, 5'-9", 175#, brown, blue, hung, living in rural area, seeks masculine actives over 21 into safe sex, light B/D, W/S, kink. Age, description not important, but mind is. Write: J.F., P.O. Box 908, Gardnerville, NV 89410. (F-6/89)

NEW HAMPSHIRE

MASCULINE SUBMISSIVE: GWM, 54, 6', 190#, dominant in business, but submissive in sex. Want to service masculine tops with my mouth and ass. Like to give French and receive Greek. Lots of verbal sex, kink and raunch with right guy. Like entertaining at home, cooking, classical music, gardening, making love in front of a fire, outdoors, beach, bridge, Levis or 3 piece suits. Long term relation and relocation for right guy. Raunchy correspondence with anyone. Write: SAD GULL (M-6/89)

NEW JERSEY

GWM, 6'-1", 174#, AGE 71: grey/brown, clean shaven, average build, independent, shy, responsible, level headed, affectionate, non-smoker, light drinker, likes quiet evenings at home and good music. Looking for non-exclusive lover, sex buddy, penpal, friend into cuddling, kissing and mutual JO. Slow to come but love the feel of someone else's hand on my cock. Write: Dick Bell, 2241 Mt. Hood Lane, Toms River, NJ 08753. (201) 255-6033 (B-6/90)

ORIENTAL SEEKS SENIOR(S): 32, professional, 5'-6", 160#. Am attracted to mature, older men, 50 and up. Healthy, sincere, affectionate and very discreet. Looking for the right person to please. Safe sex preferred. Let's exchange photos and get to know each other. Write: D.L., P.O. Box 298, Mays Landing, NJ 08330. (L-6/89)

LOVING: 6 feet, 240 pounds, GWM, 60, grey hair, brown eyes, affectionate, loves to cuddle and play in bed. Write: BUD. (B-4/89)

AFFECTIONATE BOTTOM SEEKS GR/A TOP: Intelligent, masculine, Bi/W/M, 5'-11", 165#, 59, HIV neg, thick 6" cut, firm, lithe, gym-toned responsive body/ buns, tactile and demonstrative. Erect posture, steady gaze, high cheekbones, bald top/cropped fringe. Dig submission and mind control. Enjoy companionship, music, philosophy, art, science and psychology. Volunteer with disabled, am loyal friend. Any race, age, over 6" or thick. Call Ken: (201) 592-6690; if recording, leave number. (G-10/89)

SENSITIVE MALE: GWM, age 60, brown hair and moustache, seeks friendship on an intellectual plane. All subjects discussed openly and frankly. Tired of numerous promises that never are fulfilled. Would like to hear form anyone interested. Write: JERSEYITE. (H-6/89)

CENTRAL NEW JERSEY: GWM, 46, 5'-8", 240#, balding, grey/blue (glasses, clean-shaven, hairy body, educated, clean, gentle, affectionate, non-smoker, veteran. Seeks nice, smooth, slim, any race, 20's-40's. Like NYC, classical music, ballet, opera, history, quiet times. Write: Tom Schultz, 212 Baldwin St. , Apt. 5-B, New Brunswick, NJ 08901, or call (201) 828-5649. (S-4/89)

LET'S PLAY WITH EM: Healthy, sane, dirty minded, in-shape, GWM, 55, 5'-10", 145#, fat 7" cut, with heavy hangers. Into massage, books, hiking, nudism, photography, video, music--seeks seasoned GWM, my age or younger for good times in and out of bed. Photo swap fine with me. Write: Tom Queenan, P.O. Box 1, Allentown, NJ 08501. (Q-4/89)

NEW MEXICO

SMALL GUYS NEED SEX TOO: GWM, 62, 5'-8", 145#. Live in a very redneck, straight, closeted town. My likes: Gay videos, all porn, phone or letter J/O. Need friends 50+, oral sex, photo, jock and J/O ideas exchanged with men my size. Write soon, to: EL PAISANO. (M-4/89)

SANTA FE: GWM, 41, 6'-1", 210#, wants to meet guys 50+. I am masculine and straight acting and am attracted to the same. Prefer hairy, well hung, muscular and/or stocky type. Would like a Daddy and /or Uncle to share mutual caring and great sex with. A letter and photo(s) would be great for starters. Write: D.A.W., 708 E. Palace Ave., Apt. B, Santa Fe, NM 87501, or call (505) 989-8157. (W-4/89)

NEW YORK

55 YEAR OLD, 6'-6" HEAVYSET MALE: professional into JO and videos, gets off on mutual scenes. 8". Looking for cuts and uncuts. The main thing is to get off and enjoy it together. Write: BOBWHITE. (B-8/89)

WHERE'S THE PORK? GWM, 50, 5'-9", 235#, masculine, Italian, hairy, versatile, would like to meet beefy guys any age or size. Also want to exchange chubby videos. Photo/phone. Write: Nick Dean, Box 581, Murray Hill Station, New York, NY 10156. (D-4/89)

NYC GREENWICH VILLAGE: 57 year old rugged guy likes younger types. Interests include music, theatre, dining out, swimming. Write: BRAD (codeword) (C-4/89)

NATIONWIDE/WORLDWIDE: GWM, 65, slim, tall, silver-fringed old magician, semi-retired, professional, with courtly, gentle, Old-World charm. Lover of books, classical music, performing arts, travel. Passionately devoted to meditation, metaphysics, mysticism, Eastern teachings and other esoteric and occult studies. Committed to personal growth and sharing what I have learned. Non-smoking, non-drinking, vegetarian. Seeking non-smoking, drug-free lifemate, 20ish to 40ish for whom this ad rings a bell. Write: MYRRDIN (F-4/89)

SHARE A PAIR IN NYC OR FAIRFIELD COUNTY: Junior is 50, 5'-11", 180#, balding with close cropped pepper & salt beard plus 8" thick uncut. Senior is 70, 6', 187#, silver fox hair, 6" cut. Have no age, ethnic or color hangups. Just seeking manly, well-endowed (hairy a plus), versatile partners who are FR/GR/A/P guys. We're successful professionals who enjoy the good life. Ph/Ph a must! Write: J.R., 118 Mountain Road, West Redding, CT 06896. (L-6/89)

RAUNCHY J/O: 65 year oldster finds hot, solo and mutual masturbation exciting and intensely satisfying. Seeks exchanges of horny, detailed correspondence and amateur videos of over 50. Write: SILVER. (M-6/89)

NEW YORK CITY: GWM, 6'-3", 290#, 36, considerate, honest and funloving, would like to meet husky men for friendship and romance. All letters with photo answered. Write: Bob Daniels, P.O. Box 440, Wall Street Station, New York, NY 10268. (L-2/90)

IF YOU ARE ANYTHING LIKE THE BIG RUGGED GRIZZLY: bears AARON draws for CHIRON RISING (the cock needn't be so big), call or write this loving, easy going airman, 60, 6', 185 pounder who resembles Lloyd Bridges. I can make you very happy. I'm turned on by: Mature, vigorous, solid men; big bellies/asses; beerguzzling cigar smokers; bald/skinheads; bearded giants; short stocky's; tattooed men; muscular guys with massive face-crushing thighs. I do lots of kissing, cuddling, nipple play, rimming, and give complete oral servicing. Anything goes with the right person. Will travel. Often on the West Coast. Enjoy couples/groups. Write: R. Avery, Box 6344, GCC, New York, NY 10163-6020, or call (212) 684-3582. (R-4/89)

41 YEAR OLD BOTTOM SEEKS TOP: Italian, hairy, moustache, masculine, 185# solid, balding, 5'-11", stable, sane, not into bars, looking to please the right man (to 60) with lots of affection and hot (safe) sex. You: Masculine, strong, hairy, moustache a plus (no beards). Travel U.S. and international. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: DOVEKIE (D12/89)

VERY MATURE GWM: 5'-10", 170#, very active, A/P French, passive oral Greek, J/O solo, mutual or via phone. Own home, so visits are possible. Professional activities allow limited travel. Write: Joseph H. Merrill, 153 Cleveland Ave., Lily Dale, NY 14752. (M-4/89)

ROMANTIC ITALIAN: 62, 5'-9", 160#, short silver hair, beard, into TT, F A/P, G/A, S/S, HIV neg., seeks very hairy, masculine, football player type, clean cut 50+, facial hair, enjoys theatre, beach, traveling, t.v. Non drinker/drugs. Uncut a plus. Photo appreciated, answer all. Write: ARIES. (D-12/89)

NEW YORK: Affection-starved 50 year old GWM desires meeting older hairy men. Educated. Professional. Interests include fine arts, sports, nature. 5'-11", portly, hairy. Photo appreciated. Some travel. Write: HONEYCREEPER. (H-6/89)

UPSTATE NEW YORK: GWM, 59, 5'-0", 165#, contacting 40 plus, uncut 5", big tits and ass. Like J/O, 69, some Greek, cuddling, discreet, caring, quiet times, affectionate. Need good friends. Write: Joe, P.O. Box 1029, Butterfield Station, Utica, NY 13503. (M-6/89)

STILL LOOKING FOR THE REAL THING: GWM, 67, 5'-10", 195#, attractive, masculine, hairy body, retired, interested in reading, theater, music, acting. Would like to meet masculine WM, 40 to 55, not too heavy, and forget the fucking world in his arms. Write: S.I., P.O. Box 335, New York, NY 10023. (I-6/89)

NEW YORK CITY-NATIONWIDE: Frenchman, 42, 5'-11", 175#, dark hair, mustache, artist, real estate broker, warm, caring, sensual. Wants to correspond and meet heavyset , white hair gentlemen. Large nipples, belly, rear a PLUS. Can entertain in New York. Write: PARAKEET. (H-2/90)

NORTH CAROLINA

SLENDER GUY SEEKS CHUBBY FOR LIFE: Uncut older white preferred. Big tits a plus. I'm health conscious top. Cigar smoker. Scottie breeder. Bookseller, teacher. Seek relocation to SW FL. Write: Books, 803 E. Fourth St., Greenville, NC 27858. (H-4/89)

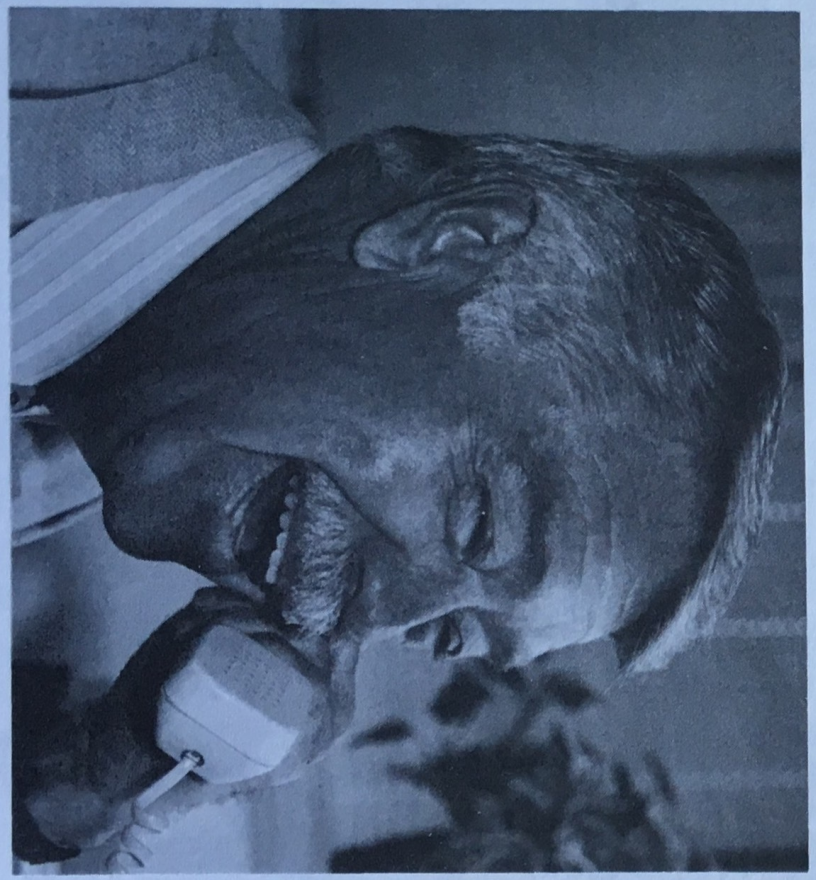
P-L-E-A-S-E: PLEASE read this and p-l-e-a-s-e respond. I am 61 years old, have thinning grey hair and blue eyes. I'm 6 feet and weigh 235#. I am a very loving and devoted type man. My situation prevents long committments but I do yearn to meet someone who will respond to my love and affection. My great pleasure is to hold, kiss, cuddle and then make love in every oral way possible. My pleasure is to please and be pleased. Any age--I never met a man who did not turn me on. My town is in central North Carolina. I can not give a phone number but if you send me yours I will gladly call. All letters to Tom Williams, P.O. Box 2845, Fayetteville, NC 28302 will be answered. (W-4/89)

OHIO

OLDER SEEKS OLDER: Early retired white male, 58 years old, 5'-8", brown hair and eyes, 180#, seeks manly men over 60 for friendship and A/P French, with some Greek. Must be clean with a good sense of humor. Write: Fred Barrett, Box 81406, Cleveland, OH 44181. (B-4/89)

HOT AND HORNY BLACK: 55, 6'-1", 200 pounds, seeking that someone special for lasting relationship. Stocky a plus and white is a double plus. Call (216) 323-5962 or write: John D. Elliott, 220 Lake Ave., Elyria, OH 44035-4902. (E-10/89)

LARRY STEPHENS.....photo by Dee



THUNDERBIRD.....photo by Arrow

SOUTHWEST OHIO: GWM, 76, trim, very talented French active, semi retired, part time musician, very active in a lot of hobbies. Prefer men between 50 and 65, including Asians, Blacks, Hispanics and whites. Give me a try and you'll throw rocks at all the rest. Write: SILK. (R-6/89)

DAYTON/COLUMBUS: GWM, early 50's professional, lover of the arts and movies--looks for same (or younger) to enjoy fine food and intimate encounters (esp. J/O). Write: CHEZ. (S-4/89)

OKLAHOMA

LAWTON: 38 year old exec seeks 50+, heavy/hairy, fatherly friend. I am 5'-11", 250#, very smooth skin, glasses, blond hair. Limited travel possible. Relationship possible. Your photo gets mine. Write: Dennis, P.O. Box 403, Lawton, OK 73502 (R-4/89)

OREGON

OREGON/WASHINGTON/WEST COAST: GWM, non smoker, 56, 5'-8", 155#, lite brown hair, blue eyes, good bod, 6" medium thick/cut. Has non-sexual relationship with lover. Would like to meet man in similar situation, non-promiscuous type, for ongoing safe-sex buddy/friendship. I'm Greek active, primarily, but versatile. Will exchange nude pictures. Love the outdoors, skiing, swimming, hiking. Write SWAN READER, P.O. Box 387, Clackamas, OR 97015 (Portland Area) (W09-4/89)

PENNSYLVANIA

PA/NATIONWIDE: I want to be dominated by an older male, up to age 85. Want someone virile, robust and intelligent--beer belly and hung big or thick is a plus. I am 43, 5'-10", black hair, Italian descent, ultra slender, delicate physique, youthful appearance and outlook, 6 1/2" uncut. My interests include art, music, literature, writing, history, the occult and finding a lasting friendship with a virile older mentor. My personality is on the shy, sensitive, bookish side. Write: Carl, P.O. Box 5, Saint Clair, PA 17970. (A-4/89)

PITTSBURGH/NATIONWIDE GWM, 53, 5'-11", 235#: masculine, but submissive bottom seeks to service rugged looking, beer drinking, cussing, smoking, farmers, miners, military dominants over 50. Into most scenes. Travel difficult but not impossible. I know how to take care of my daddy/boss, Sir! Photo gets mine. Write: Bill, Jr., P.O. Box 592, New Kensington, PA 15068. (H-2/90)

RHODE ISLAND

CHUBBIES WANTED: GWM, 61, wants to meet chubby guys, over 250#, any age to 75. Send photo. Write: Richard Judge, 460 Charles St., Apt. 1011, Providence, RI 02904. (J04-6/89)

TEXAS

NORTH TEXAS: GWM, 42, stocky, nice looking, French only or J/O with masculine men, late fifties, 60's, 70's and up. No limit. Especially like white hair and/or moustaches or beards! Live with 79 year old prof lover--three ways fun too! Dallas-Ft. Worth area or travelers to Dallas. We are both HTLV Neg. Love theater, good restaurants, congenial friends. We are non-smokers, social drinkers. Write: Jim Bennett, 1705 E. Collins Blvd. Richardson, TX 75081. (B-4/89)

TEXAS SACK 'N SADDLE MAN: 53, 5'-8", 135#, WM, masculine rugged lookin' former USMC "grunt," truck driver, pro rodeo (14 years), looks for 'em 40's through 60's who suck 'n 69. Not Greek Active or Passive. No fems, overweight, drunks, "beauties," dirt or drugs. No J/O or collect calls. White only. If you are at ease around and in hat, boots, blue jeans, barn stalls, pick up trucks, the country 'n others who would circle suck, in laps, call Dub at (817) 338-1460 (or 870-2045). Write w/photo to: Dub Martin, P.O. Box 9343, Ft. Worth, TX 76147. (M-8/89)

THE LAST ROMANTIC IN TEXAS? 57, newly out GWM seeks loving friends or friend as lover. 6 feet, balding white hair, green eyes, 205#, cut 5.5, hairy. Friends say, "Youthful mind and attitude and 'pretty' face." Masculine, USNR retiree, professional, moral, widely traveled Viet Nam vet. Like most scenes but need mutuality of feelings--not sex, but "lovemaking." HIV negative. Strongly nurturing, like people, massage, nudism, travel, videos, the arts, out of doors. My job requires discretion. Write and tell me about YOU. You be Latin, Asian, white, short or tall, 40-65. Write: Richard J. McLean, P.O. Box 4171, Beeville, TX 78104-4171. (M-4/89)

YOUNG AT HEART SEEKS: relationship with younger (21-35), masculine, attractive, slim, GWM nonsmoker, HIV negative and strong interest in church (MCC). I appear 45, affectionate, lover. Write: T.N., P.O. Box 191412, Dallas, TX 75219. (N-4/89)

PERMANENT RELATIONSHIP WANTED: WM, 59, 5'-11", husky/average looking, retired, healthy, honest, discreet, masculine and affectionate, with strong values. Seeks young man to 40 for lover, buddy, travel companion, conservative type, non-smoker, non-drinker, interests in computer and video, homelife, fishing, hiking, good music, the arts and television. Photo with reply appreciated, but not a precondition. Please write: Robert, P.O. Box 5344, Amarillo, TX 79117. (H-4/89)

BE A NORTH TEXAS FRIEND: GWM, 60, 5'-9", 158#, into conversation, TV, videos, reading, crossword puzzles, friendships and safe activities. No age limit, but Ft. Worth/Dallas area preferred. Write: CROSSWORD. (S-6/89)

STRAC IN DALLAS: GBM, CHIRON RISING model, 47, 5'-9", 195#, Brown/Brown, stocky, 6" uncut, public relations. Seeking over 40, any race, conventionally versatile. Enjoy the arts and sports. You: straight appearing, stable, self-assured. Some travel. Write: STRAC, 9505 Brockbank Drive #4208, Dallas, TX 75220. (H-8/89)

UTAH

SILVER BEAR: GWM, 67, 5'-11", 185#, silver crew cut hair and crop beard, salt/pepper stache, hairy, beer belly, 6-1/2 X fat 5-1/2 inches, SWAN model (October). Welcum mat out for 21 to? Love to share the pleasures of the male body. Photo exchange for this hot, horny, hairy dude. Write: GULL (C-10/90)

VIRGINIA

TIDEWATER AREA: GWM, 48, 5'-9", 200, husky, very masculine with beer belly, would love to rub bellies or whatever with men, 40+, 250+. Am looking for fun, not a relationship and am into lite S & M and tit play. Your nude photo gets mine. See my photo on page 59 of the August issue. Write: SPITFIRE (M-10/89)

BABY BEAR WANTS POPPA BEAR: Are you an older, settled man looking for a broad shouldered, hefty, younger friend? Beefy, masculine, single guy needs a partner, 40+, medium to heavy build for close friendship. I am 31, 6'-0", 215#, strong arms, chest and legs with nice hairy blue collar belly. Healthy, educated and employed, not unattractive or effeminate; just ready to settle down with right person(s) with good homelife and put a little order in my future. Will answer all letters, photos or phones. Country Virginia, Maryland and Chesapeake are a plus. Write: Schaeffer, P.O. Box 1891, Falls Church, VA 22041. (G-4/89)

WASHINGTON

SEATTLE AREA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 47, 5'-10", 180#, husky, friendly, amorous, bearish, would like to tangle moustaches with a man of similar attributes in my age bracket (40-60). John Breadstill,1605 - 12th Ave. #30, Seattle, WA 98122, (206) 322-3820. NATIONWIDE: Send me a letter containing your sexual fantasies illustrated with nude photos and I'll reciprocate with story/nude photos. (B-12/89)

WASHINGTON STATE/WEST COAST: GWM, 57, 6'-2", 180#, not into bar scene, don't smoke or use drugs. Love music, Cole Porter, Gershwin and think Noel Coward's "You Were There" is one of the greatest songs ever written. Love one thing better! GUESS? The first two deep breaths don't count. Looking for heavy set men, 65+. Please write with photo to: Sunset One, P.O. Box 30183, Seattle, WA 98103. (H-4/89)

SEATTLE AREA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, mid 60's, 5'-11", 173#, youthful spirit, seeks younger for relationship. A/P Fr, cuddle, love making, enjoy travel, dancing. Help relocating. No drugs, excessive liquor. Write: S.K., P.O. Box 20451, Seattle, WA 98102. Photo please. (K-4/89)

WASHINGTON ANGLER: GBM, 5'-8-1/2", 245#, hazel/brown, balding, smoker, HIV negative, 7" cut, masculine, intelligent, discreet, affectionate, loving. Have great lover, but desire masculine 50's to 80's, heavyset/fat, spectator sports/fishing buddy for intimate friendship. Sense of humor, balding, under 5'-10", big belly/chest/legs are pluses. Pen-pals welcome, photos exchanged. Write: Lee Green, 12023 64th Ave., South, Seattle, WA 98178-3604. (G-4/89)

WEST VIRGINIA

DEEP IN RURAL AMERICA: Lonely farmboy, 39, brown/brown, beard, 6'-1", 190#, orally attracted to 40 throu 85+. Looks, physical condition and cock size are unimportant. Friends and partners wanted. No phone calls. Write: Chuck Jackson, R-83, Box 68, Ellenboro, WV 26346. (J-4/89)

WISCONSIN

WISCONSIN: W/M, 60, 5'-11", 230#, white hair, blue eyes, uncut. Seeks contacts anywhere for friendship and possible relationship. To retire soon; relocation possible. I am loyal (last relationship over 20 years). Uninterested in bars, screaming parties, bitch-talk. Discretion, sincerity, masculinity, cleanliness are magnets. Nudity, cut, full dentures are pluses. Minuses: S/M, drugs, smoke, fems, rock music. All letters with photo answered. Write: MELOSPIZA (M-8/89)

INTERNATIONAL

(NOTE: International ads with codewords require a 45 cent stamp on letter to be forwarded)

ENGLISHMAN: 41, 5'-8", 200#, black/greying hair, healthy, masculine, seeks American friends. I like over 55, short, stocky, stout, clean-shaven, hairy-bodied, grey-haired, sexually active, masculine men, but will answer all over 60. Correspond initially, become friends, visit England? I would relocate to America for right man. Also, any SWAN readers wishing to visit England, write: Ray Hambley, Stratford House, 21 Hamilton Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth, BH1 4EQ, ENGLAND. (H-6/89)

WEST GERMANY: 62, tall, healthy, bald, great sense of humour, likes arts, wines, good living, well-hung buddies, preferably younger vintage, however mating compatibility more important than age. Prefer non-smoking, drug free, more masculine and trim. Offers sexually oriented hospitality in Stuttgart, will travel for meeting interesting, clean, horny guys. Write: GERMAN. (K-6/89)

SUMO WRESTLER TYPE/WORLDWIDE: Aquarian, 63, 5'-11", 172#, Barcelona born, active, healthy, fit, hairy, tanned body, 7" uncut, non-smoker/drinker. Initially seeking correspondence with superheavy, clean-shaven gentleman, 280+, 50+, of any walk of life. Adore big belly, tits, thick thighs. Enjoy photography, music, art, fresh air, open spaces.....and YOU! Photo appreciated. Write: El Catala, P.O. Box 127, Caulfield East, Victoria, 3145, AUSTRALIA. (B-6/89)

SUNSET ONE.....photo by Freddy

VIDEO CORNER

Want to trade home or commercial videos with someone? Want to find someone who'll make you a copy of a video? Write a small ad and send it to us. If you want replies to be forwarded to you, give us a codeword. Otherwise, state that you want replies directed to you and advise how you want replies addressed. Include a service charge of $2.00 and we'll run your notice for one issue.

VIDEO BULLETIN BOARD

NOTE: Write to coded advertisers the same way you would write to a coded personal ad. Seal your letter, stamp it, write codeword in pencil in the center, place it inside another envelope and mail it to CHIRON RISING.

Wanted: Copies of gay videos with older men. I have very large collection of other gay videos. I will trade or buy. I also collect opera and movies. All formats and systems. List on request. Write: RAY. (VC-4/89)

Wanted: Home movies of men 40+, heavy, hairy and/or hung. Commercial and single photos welcomed. Can exchange collection, buy or copy. Also, would consider participating in making home videos. Virginia, Maryland, D.C. area. Write: BABY BULL (VC-4/89)

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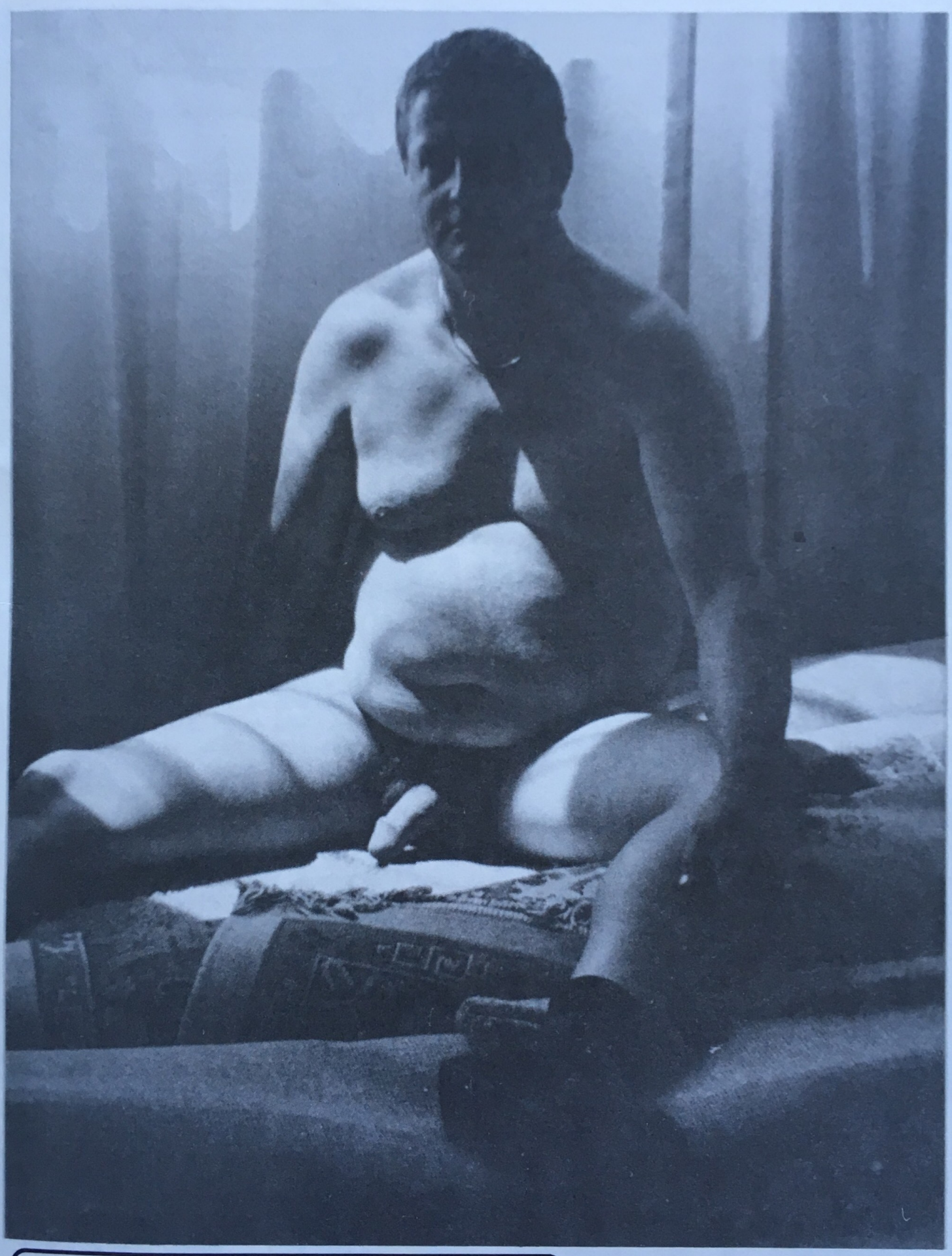
"I certify that I'm over 21 years of age and acknowledge that I am requesting sexual, gay oriented materials. I am not a law enforcement official, postal inspector or member of any censorship group. I will not exhibit this material to a minor or expose it to any person whose privacy or sensibilities might be offended." Signed_____.

Name:_____

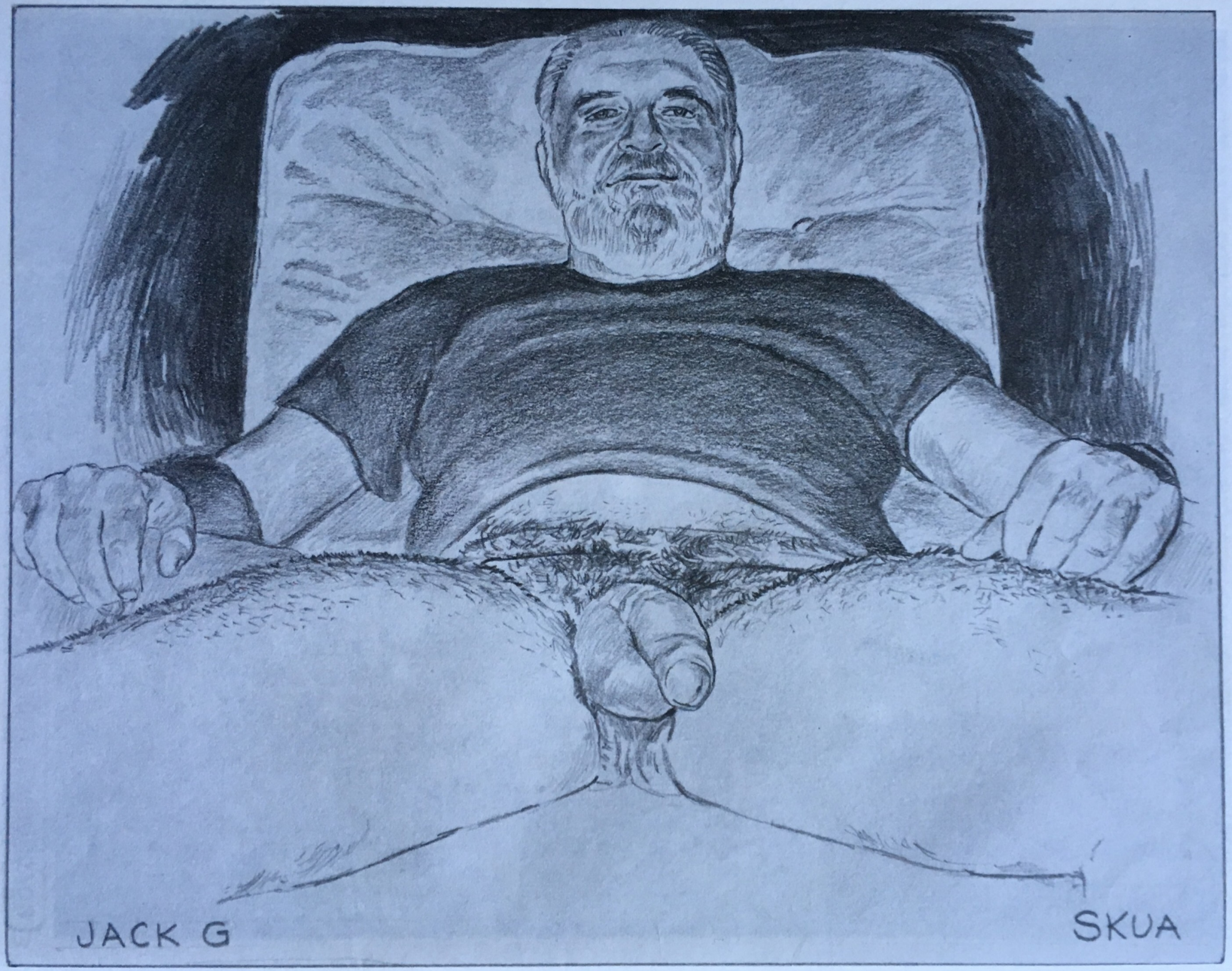
Address:_____

City, State, Zip:_____

THE COLONEL AT ATTENTION.....photo by Kent Justice



ROADRUNNER TOO.....photo by P.H. Colley


JACK G
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LEGAL EAGLE

NOTORIOUS CASES EMPHASIZE: TAKE ACTION BEFOREHAND!!

Recent court hearings and decisions in cases involving lesbian and gay issues lead me to renew and reemphasize earlier suggestions: take care to protect your legal rights.

The most notorious, of course, is the 14 million dollar judgment awarded against the estate of Rock Hudson to his former lover, based on claims that Hudson continued to have anal sex with the lover even after Hudson knew he had AIDS--and concealed his condition from his lover. An additional $7 million plus judgment was awarded against Hudson's business manager -confidential secretary for having helped Hudson keep his condition secret. And the capper? Despite several "AIDS" tests in recent years, the lover, Marc Christian, has never once tested positive; his claim was based solely on fear that he may have been infected, and may yet turn out to be infected!

As I urged several months ago: if you are or may be HIV seropositive, don't keep that a secret from your sexual partner(s); secrecy under those circumstances can create liability which can wipe out your own financial security.....or, as with Hudson, pretty well obliterate any estate you might be able to leave.

The other case, less publicized but perhaps even more important, involves two lesbians in Minnesota. One was seriously injured in an auto accident, was in a coma for months, and, though now somewhat able to communicate, has been kept apart from her lover/roommate of many years by the injured woman's parents, who have ordered custodial care providers to keep the lover away from their daughter.

The case involving the injured woman, Sharon Kowalski, and her long-time lover, Karen Thompson, recently took a turn for the better as a judge in Duluth, MN, ordered a thorough competency examination for Kowalski, and has ordered her transferred to a rehabilitation facility in Duluth, where Thompson has finally been permitted to visit her (after being kept away for more than three years).

Most of the problems encountered by Thompson in trying to see and in wanting a role in the care of Kowalski could have been avoided. Most states have legislation specifically authorizing a legal document known as a "durable power of attorney for health care." This is a very simple document under which a person designates a friend, lover or trusted friend to exercise full control over health care decisions any time the person executing the document is unable to make the decisions for himself or herself. This specially authorized document continues in effect so long as the maker remains incapable of articulating his or her wishes, even if he or she becomes insane. Most "powers of attorney" are effective only so long as the person executing the power has the mental capacity to act himself or herself; the durable power of attorney is specially crafted to keep on granting that power.

Had Kowalski and Thompson mutually executed such a document before the accident, naming the other as her "attorney" for health care decisions, no action by Kowalski's family could have kept them apart; no action by Kowalski's family could have cause her to be placed in a convalescent home without rehabilitative treatment when Thompson (herself a therapist specializing in rehabilitation) would direct otherwise; and in no way could the parents have prevented the two from seeing each other, supporting each other, and lending each other encouragement.

If you are living in a relationship, if you are even slightly "estranged" from your own family, if you even have doubts as to how your family would deal with your being gay once they had a chance to do something about you without your consent;....if any one or other similar possibility might exist, don't take an unnecessary risk.

A durable power of attorney for health care is a very simple document to execute. You can name any responsible person you trust to make health care decisions for you if you ever became unable to make them. That decision should be entrusted to someone you know, have confidence in, and whom you know would be protective of your best interests. This decision should not be left by default to someone who might set out to "remake" your life into something more palatable to your family. Don't take unnecessay chances; pick up a "durable power of attorney for health care" at almost any business supply store that sells legal forms; execute it in the manner specified (which usually means just sign it in the presence of a notary, and have the notary sign it and stamp or impress his or her seal on it); once executed, give it to a trusted friend to safeguard.

This is one of the simplest legal forms you will ever have a chance to complete, but it could be one of the most important. Remember, you can always cancel it, but, if it isn't executed before you are grievously injured, you may never be able to put it into effect. You could, only too easily, be the next "Sharon Kowalski."

IN CLOSING

We've met quite a few exceptional people through this magazine. We personally know a much higher percentage of our subscribers than any other magazine--by far--and hundreds of you have been guests in our home. We have house guests almost weekly and have yet to regret meeting anyone. The past few months, we've entertained a couple of super superheavyweights from Mallorca, SILVER BEAR from Utah, The Friar's son and daughter-in-law from Dallas, a handsome trio from Seattle and a free spirited couple from Philadelphia. Then, along came a man we'll temporarily call SOLILOQUY (when and if he ever wants to be identified, we'll do so).

SOLILOQUY lives in the Northwest and is one of the most hauntingly beautiful men we've ever met. Just months ago, the love of his life died. They were together for 22 years. At first, SOLILOQUY sat at home and was unable to function very well, but a CHIRON RISING subscriber visited him and gave him a copy of our magazine (SWAN). He's meeting people now and seemed to enjoy his visit with us. We'll never be the same after meeting him, though. This man found out eight years ago that his lover was "terminal," having had his pancreas surgically removed. SOLILOQUY gave dedication a new meaning as he almost single handedly kept his mate alive for eight bittersweet years. He monitored his man's blood sugar levels every few hours and gave injections of insulin accordingly. He monitored his lover's treatment during the stays in hospitals and intervened when treatment became sloppy (thanks to a power of attorney for health care). Once, he stopped a doctor-ordered injection of insulin that would have sent his lover into insulin shock (his blood sugar level was already 70). Toward the end, SOLILOQUY was monitoring ALL bodily functions of the dying man, measuring food and bodily wastes to the gram, and balancing the man's metabolism accordingly. He seriously denied his own needs and delicately juggled the demands of his job with the health requirements of his lover. He had no time to eat breakfast because he was too busy feeding and medicating his lover and rushing to get ready for work. He had no time to eat lunch, because he had to rush back home from work and feed and medicate his lover again. He had little time to sleep, because he had to get up three to four times a night to monitor and adjust his mate's blood sugar levels.

Before SOLILOQUY left to resume his vacation, he told us about how the end came. The Friar and I stood transfixed, holding on to one another. We could almost see what SOLILOQUY seemed to be staring at on our floor: his lover, lying silently, his heart not beating, the paramedics trying to jolt his heart back to life. And as he brought his bags into the living room, preparing to leave, both of us held on to him and could feel his pain and grief begin to subside.

We dedicate this issue to SOLILIQUY and all you other readers who are hurting. We wish you someone who will help you to heal.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

CHIRON RISING is committed to providing nurturing fantasies, entertainment and beneficial articles for the well being and dignity of all gay and bisexual seniors and those who love and care for them. We are dedicated to the celebration and pursuit of the Silver Centaur.

May we all find one another and bring peace into our lives.

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JOHN J. MCNEILL was a Jesuit for nearly forty years before being expelled from the Society of Jesus in 1987 for his views on gay and lesbian sexuality. Since 1975 he has practiced psychotherapy in New York City.

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